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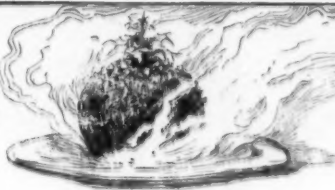
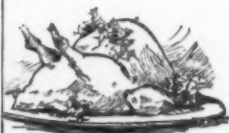
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## The Merrie Christmas Feast







by Edith M. Thomas

**N**ow Grace is said, no longer wait  
With eyes downcast on emptie plate.  
But see y<sup>e</sup> Turkey, fat, supine,  
On which, good People, ye shall dine!  
There lieth he, — a noble bulk,  
That soone shall be a shattered hulk.  
Carve, Goodman, carve, with speed and skill —  
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!

**B**ut who is this, that this way comes?  
Sir Bagge-Pudding, with wealth of plums:  
Ha! smell ye not y<sup>e</sup> savorie fumes?  
Ye Orient on this table blooms,  
Ye Tropics here their Dainties spill —  
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!





**A**nd now come Tumkets, Tumbles, Tartes, ooo  
 And, after these, <sup>ye</sup> mince-meat Pie.   
 And monumental Cake, piled high,   
 Made by <sup>ye</sup> cunning Queene of Hearts,   
 Who all surveys with beaming eye.   
 Quoth she: "Pray tarrie, tarrie still:   
 Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!" 



**T**he Feast is done, & Day is gone,  
 And Sleepe his curtains dark has drawn;  
 There through peepes many a fearful thing:  
 Ye Turley and Ye Bagge-Pudding  
 On legges goe strutting up and downe;  
 Ye Mince-Pie weares a deadly frowne;  
 Ye Cakes and Jumbles lead a dance;  
 Ye Carles and Junktets madly prance.  
 Because, O Guests, ye ate your fill,  
 These sprites have now their evil will!



## MILLET AND THE CHILDREN.

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

THERE still stands in the little village of Barbizon, near Paris, a low, peasant's cottage, which from 1849 to 1875 was the home of the French artist, Jean François Millet.

gray granite boulders, and heathery hillocks of the Fontainebleau forest, sometimes alone, sometimes with artist friends, but oftener with children, who were always his favorite companions.

Then they returned to the cottage through beautiful forest glades, and after the simple evening meal came the children's hour. There sat Father Millet, his soft, dark eyes shining with merriment, his brave, kindly face all smiles for the grandchildren and the others who, unreprieved, pulled his full black beard or climbed upon his knees to rumple his dark hair. Sometimes he sang jovial old French songs praising the life of the laborer among the vines. When other artists, like his friend Rousseau, were present, they made rebuses, filling out a word by a sketch.

But, best of all, the children liked Father Millet's pictures; and so, when the lamp was lit and placed beside the group, on a table in the low cottage room, Millet drew for the children such rude sketches as are shown on pages 170 and 171.

If an old newspaper and a match were at hand, Millet asked for nothing more. He dipped the match in an inkstand, made a

few quick strokes on the margin of the newspaper, and there was a peasant or a horse and rider to be recognized at once. They were very hasty sketches, these little outlines dashed off after din-



PORTRAIT OF MILLET, FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY HIMSELF.

At the end of the garden was his dark studio. Here he painted, day by day, after mornings spent in digging, sowing, or reaping. In the late afternoons he wandered among the gnarled oaks,





THE SOWER. (FROM A PAINTING BY MILLET.)

ner with ink or pencil upon odd scraps of paper, and yet they show at least one of the qualities which made Millet so great an artist. Every attitude, movement, and gesture is truthful, although expressed by a few rude lines.

These sketches were drawn easily and freely, yet with an exact knowledge of the meaning which every line should convey. Sometimes Millet exaggerated the characteristics of the figures that the children might recognize them more

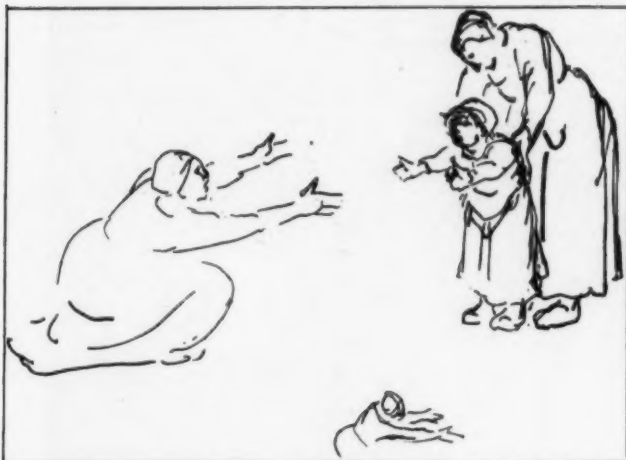
easily, as, for example, in showing the difference between a horse at full gallop and one quietly working, as shown on page 171.

Millet is known in this country chiefly as a painter of peasants, although he painted other figures, and landscapes, marine views, and fruit pieces. And in his paintings of peasants, which are sometimes seen in our exhibitions, there are the same truth of action, the genuineness, and the simplicity which show even in these little drawings.

His figures are really doing just what the artist intended to represent, for Millet sympathized with and understood his subjects. He was a peasant

manly peasant-girl returning from market. She has sold the vegetables or eggs with which the donkey's basket was filled, and she rides with her

feet in the basket, sitting heavily on the patient donkey, as one can see by the curving lines which show the relaxation of the figure, for she is tired from her day at the market. Another sketch shows a little peasant girl holding a goat as if to show off its form and paces to a possible purchaser. This is one of several scenes of the outdoor farm-life which Millet knew so well. He drew what he had often seen—peasant-girls feeding a heifer from a pail of bran and water, a mother and child beside a pet cow whose tongue lolls



himself. Of course, to realize his even, subdued, but rich coloring, his knowledge of perspective and light and shade, and to understand how much his designs embraced, one must see his finished paintings, many of which are owned in New York and Boston.

At least one of his paintings is indicated in these drawings. That called "The First Step" was probably in his mind when he drew this charming little sketch, so expressive of the loving anxiety of the mother, who stretches out her arms to receive the child toddling uncertainly toward her. In the painting, the peasant mother brings a laughing, crowing babe to the gate, and the father, who has set down his barrow, kneels, holding out his arms to the child.

As Millet's drawings took form among the laughter and outcries of the group whose heads clustered around the paper, the scenes of his own childhood must often have come back to him; for several of his subjects are taken from Normandy rather than from the neighborhood of Barbizon. In Barbizon the villagers are too near Paris to be counted as true country folk, and the primitive features of their dress have been changed through intercourse with the people of the city. But in and about the hamlet of Gruchy, in Normandy, where Millet was born in 1814, the peasants wear *sabots*, or wooden shoes, with long turned-up points, larger than those worn at Barbizon; and the favorite head-dress of the women is the white cap of peculiar form shown in some of these sketches. In one, Millet has drawn a Nor-



SKETCHES MADE BY MILLET FOR HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

hungrily out, and a woman trying to keep the peace between a fiercely barking dog and a cow charging with head down. The human figures



FEEDING THE CHICKENS. (FROM A PAINTING BY MILLET.)



THE PET COW. (A SKETCH BY MILLET.)

have the characteristics of Normandy peasants; for the people and scenes of Millet's youth made the strongest impression upon his mind.

All his life he cherished the memory of the good grandmother who cared for him during his first years, she who came to his bedside in the morning, saying, "Wake up, my little François; you don't know how long the birds have already been singing the glory of God!" Sometimes his father, a gen-

fields, saying of the grass, "See how fine!" or, "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful! It is as beautiful as a flower!" One could imagine that (this was Millet himself, walking in the Fontainebleau forest with a child. There was a great-uncle, a good priest, dearly loved by Millet, who taught the children to read or cheerfully labored in the fields. And all around Gruchy were pastures and plowed fields where the peasants drove their cows and sheep, or sowed and reaped. Beyond the village were cliffs, and the seashore where ships were sometimes driven ashore, and where the villagers gathered seaweed after storms. Such were Millet's surroundings when a child, and they must have been fresh in his mind when at Barbizon he drew these figures of Gruchy peasants.

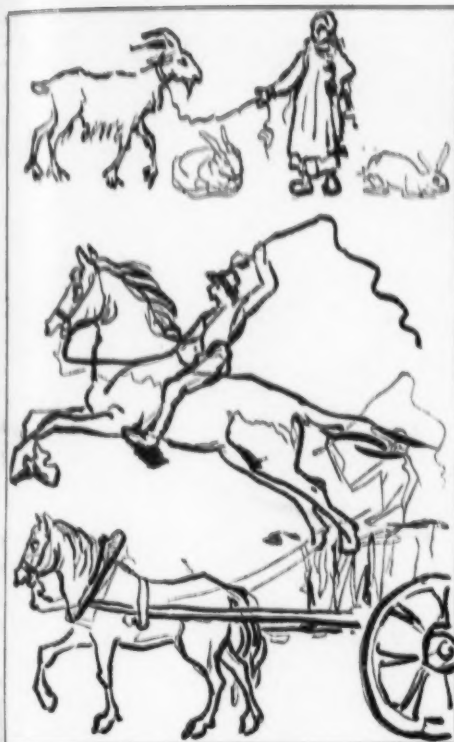
The sketch on page 171, which shows a goat and two horses, one galloping and the other quietly working, has been drawn over something else. Millet had first drawn a pair of rabbits, probably with other figures, and as no fresh scrap of paper was within reach, he used this again. Then one of the grandchildren tried his hand at drawing a whip, and it is easy to fancy Millet, with smiling face, leaning over the little one, encouraging his attempt. Again,



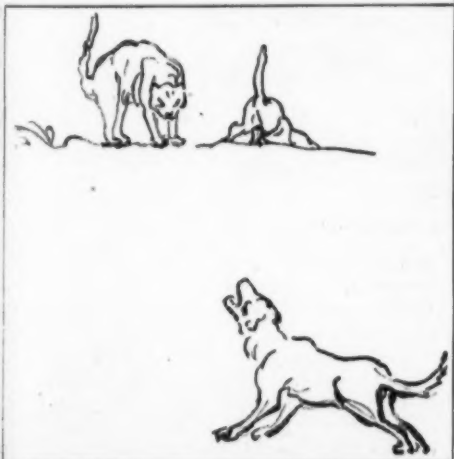
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (A SKETCH BY MILLET.)

tle, pure-minded peasant who loved music and the beautiful things in nature, would try to model a little figure in clay for his son, as Millet often did, in after years at Barbizon, for his child-friends. Or the father would take the boy Millet out into the

Millet drew a stately-stepping horse and important rider with blaring trumpet, the sound of which announces the coming of a circus. When he drew the cats, one spitting angrily at a dog, the other running away, Millet's own cats may have been



lying at his feet. They were not the only pets at the Barbizon cottage. Often the children brought young crows from the forest, and these became



SKETCHES MADE BY MILLET FOR HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

incorrigible thieves, so that it was one of the children's duties to find their hiding-places and bring back stolen articles.

After sketching all these figures and objects, Millet would take a subject near at hand, and would make a drawing of one of the children present in the room, or of his daughter holding a baby in her lap or putting it to bed in its small cradle.

The grandchildren were not ten years old when Millet drew these sketches, not old enough to go with him on long walks in the forest, or to spend hours in Paris picture-galleries. There, his companions were older children. One of them first knew Millet in the city of Cherbourg, a few miles from the artist's birthplace, the city where he received his first lessons in art.

This boy had heard from his father how the



young peasant Millet tried to imitate the engravings in his Bible during the noonday rest, how he drew the figures about him, and covered the fences with sketches, until his father took him to Cherbourg "to see whether he could make a living by this business." When the artist to whom they went saw Millet's drawings, he said to the father:

"You must be joking. That young man there did not make these drawings all alone."

And when convinced that they were really the boy's work, he exclaimed:

"Ah, you have done wrong to keep him so long without instruction, for your child has in him the making of a great artist."

Presently the Municipal Council of Cherbourg awarded Millet a meager pension that he might

study art in Paris. But the councilmen expected the artist, in return, to send back large paintings to the city museum, although he could not live upon the pension. They became angry at his

him; but from an old miniature likeness he painted a beautiful portrait, the face seen in a three-quarters front view. Wishing models for the hands, Millet found a man in the neighborhood



THE REAPER. (AFTER THE ORIGINAL BY MILLET.)

delay; and he, finally, bought an immense canvas, and in three days painted a picture of Moses breaking the tables of stone. He varnished it at once and sent it to the museum. But as the picture was varnished before the paint had dried, it soon began to crack. Now the picture looks so old that some of the good people take it for a painting by Michael Angelo. Then the councilmen asked Millet to paint a portrait of the mayor, who had recently died. Millet had never seen

who had finely shaped hands. This man, as it happened, had been imprisoned for some offense. When the portrait was finished and shown to the councilmen, they sent for Millet and told him that they were greatly displeased. The likeness was good, they said, but there were two grave faults: The artist had painted only a three-quarters view of the late mayor, whereas his Honor invariably entered the Council Chamber facing straight forward; and secondly, it was shameful to have used



the hand of a man who had been in prison as the model for the hand of a man so good as the late mayor. Poor Millet! There was nothing for him to say to people so simple and ignorant as these.

way to pass the dry-goods store where this sign hung, and among its admirers was the boy who afterward, when his father removed to Paris, became one of Millet's young friends.



THE CHURNER. (COPY OF AN ETCHING BY MILLET.)

One of his Cherbourg pictures, however, was appreciated, and that was a large canvas sign bearing the figure of a little girl, which his poverty had forced him to paint.

Some of the children often went out of their

In this boy's Paris home there were in all twelve children. When Millet entered the large dining-room every one rushed to meet him, and there he often sat until late at night, talking, laughing, and singing for the children, drawing



MORNING. (AFTER A DRAWING ON THE WOOD-BLOCK BY MILLET. BY PERMISSION OF F. KEPPEL & CO.)

sketches, or modeling in wax figures of birds and animals.

"He looked like a good *bourgeois*" (small tradesman), says one of these children, "but he was tall, well formed, with a strong, very kindly face, beautiful soft eyes, and big black beard."

Often Millet took the boy of whom I have spoken to see the paintings at the Salon or the Louvre. If a landscape satisfied him, he tried to make his young companion understand why it was beautiful; for example, how one could feel that there was air in the scene, how there was such a sense of atmosphere that it seemed as if one could go around behind the trees.

He cared little for simple fullness and richness of color. "A man can see what he pleases," Millet often said, "but there must be atmosphere and texture in a picture. A stone must be harder than a tree trunk, and a tree trunk harder than water." Once he was looking at a painting of a scene in Algeria.

"See, there is no atmosphere," he said. "It's very cleverly done. There is everything in it except true art."

"But you have not seen that country," a bystander exclaimed. "It is like that."

"In any country," replied Millet, "you must be able to breathe!" Then, turning to his young

friend, he added, "Whether the air is hot or cold, you must feel that there is distance between the figures and the sky above. The water may be of any color, but it must be liquid, and you must feel that if you slap it, it will move."

In another talk, as they walked through a picture gallery, Millet spoke of difficulties in art, saying that one thing was as difficult as another. "To paint a glass placed upon a table so that you feel that one can be taken away from the other is just as difficult as anything else," he asserted. "If a painter fails here, he will in other things, because he has not received an impression strong enough to put on canvas."

The yearly exhibition of pictures known as the Salon usually gave Millet little satisfaction. "The whole is done by the same hand," he would say, "except where here and there a master makes a hole in the wall."

But at the Louvre, which contains the works of old masters, Millet found so much to delight him that the little feet beside him were often wearied from standing on the hard floor. He was so sensitive to the beautiful, so ready in explaining it, that his young companion learned to love the antique sculpture, for which Millet had a real passion, and for other of his favorite groups. One of these was Michael Angelo's "Captives."

This is the way that Millet explained to his friend the force of a master's work. He would lead him before the painting of "The Deluge," by Nicolas Poussin, whom he esteemed one of the greatest of painters. "See," he would say, "you can feel that the frightful rain has been pouring down for a long time, and that it will continue. You can feel that man, beast, and nature are fatigued, overcome by the pitiless, unceasing destruction of all things. Everything is still, before unending, terrible calamity." Then, to show the difference between true, great art and mere talent, Millet would take the boy to the painting of "The Deluge," by Girodet, and say, "Here is a rock, the only thing above the water. It is all very dramatic. It is an event, something short, like a thunder-clap or a flash of lightning. Those people on the rock are holding to the branch of a tree which is breaking. They will disappear, and there will be nothing left in your mind. This is a momentary scene, soon to be finished. It leaves nothing to think about. But Poussin's 'Deluge,'

red, sailor's jacket, weather-beaten straw hat, and wooden shoes, was like a boy himself. One could not go far with him in an afternoon. He found a picture at every step. At every turn of the path he stopped, pointing to the sunlight on the trees, or to the mosses on the rocks, exclaiming, "Look! See how beautiful!" Or he threw himself down upon the ground, saying, "How delicious it is to lie upon the grass and look at the sky!" Perhaps it was at such a time that the idea came to him for a series of charming little panel pictures which he painted, representing the blades of grass like tall trees in a forest, and the little inhabitants of the grass, busy ants and greasy snails, magnified in the same way—a glimpse of a strange, new world.

When Rousseau joined Millet in the forest, the children were sharply watched. Rousseau loved the forest as if it were his dearest friend. He was angry if a branch were broken or a vine torn down; indeed, the children were hardly allowed to touch a leaf or a blade of grass. Often, when coming home in the twilight, Millet was attracted by the fire of



THE DIGGERS. (FROM A PAINTING BY MILLET.)

in its quiet way, leaves so much gloom and distress in your mind that you are bound to remember it all your life."

But some of the happiest hours spent together by Millet and the children were in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. Millet, wearing an old,

the blacksmith's forge at the end of the village street; and he paused with his friends, exclaiming at the play of light upon the figures near the forge and at the flickering shadows beyond. One evening he came upon an old country cart with a loose wheel which made a noise, "poum,

pour," as the cart rolled on. He stopped and listened, and presently said that he should like to paint a picture which would make those who saw it feel that sound coming through the twilight. It seems a contradiction to speak of a sound in a picture, but in Millet's greatest painting, "The Angelus," we see a slender spire outlined against the sunset light, two reverent figures in the foreground, and we feel at once that at the sound of the distant church bell the peasants have bowed their heads in evening prayer.

One of his pictures, representing an old wood-cutter followed by Death, was refused at the Salon, because it was supposed that he meant to show the hardships and sufferings of the peasant class.

But there was no political purpose in Millet's paintings. He always looked upon peasants as the happiest people in the world, since they were "doing God's work," and living out-of-doors among beautiful scenery; and he tried to represent them so. But, of course, with their digging and plowing and other heavy work,



THE NEW-DORN LAMB. (AFTER A PAINTING BY MILLET.)

Children were always welcomed in Millet's cottage, but there were other less agreeable visitors. The grand people of the court, who sometimes came to the studio after hunting parties at Fontainebleau, were coldly received, for they did not understand the artist. They thought that in his pictures of peasants hard at work in the fields he was trying to show how miserable the common people were under the Empire of Napoleon III.

"they can not be the figures of Watteau," Millet used to say. Watteau, who was a fashionable French painter in the last century, represented country people like figures in a masquerade. They are very pretty and very finely dressed, those dainty Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses (some of my readers may have seen them copied upon fans), but they are very different from real peasants in their working clothes toiling in the fields. Talk of

"A SCOTCHMAN," (AFTER A PAINTING BY MILLET.)





the misery and hardships of peasants made Millet indignant. "What I call hardship," he said, "is work like that of the stevedore, imprisoned in a dark, foul hold, stowing away coal—not the peasant's free work in the open air."

Since the court people misunderstood him so entirely, Millet avoided seeing them when he could; but once he was caught. One day an open carriage drove to the door, bringing four court ladies who wished to see the studio. As it happened, Millet himself, in his sabots and blouse, answered the bell.

"Is M. Millet in?" asked a visitor.

Millet stepped outside and then said, "No."

and, on leaving, put a gold piece into Millet's hand, taking him for a servant. Afterward, when he was publicly honored with the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, one of these ladies recognized him. Millet simply said:

"Years ago your gold piece would have been a God-send to me."

For there was much trouble in his life. People were slow to recognize his greatness as an artist. He knew what it was to want food and fire, and to be persecuted for money which he could not obtain. All this is described in his biography, written by Alfred Sensier, one of his friends; but Sensier's book may lead the reader to



"THE ANGELUS." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY MILLET.)

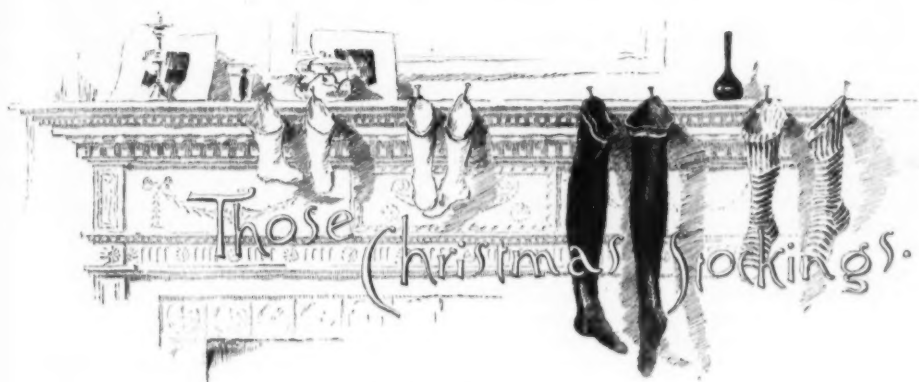
"Can we see his studio?" inquired one of the ladies.

"No," said the unrecognized artist; and he explained that M. Millet was a very peculiar man, who would be angry if the studio were shown. But as the ladies insisted and entered the yard, he said that he would admit them if they promised to tell no one of their visit. They entered, looked everywhere, upset half the things in the studio,

think that the hard struggle for money and recognition embittered Millet's life. On the contrary, he was not only courageous, but cheerful and jovial—"the most charming of companions," says one of his friends.\* Had he become soured, and constantly bemoaned his misfortunes, there could not have been such intimate companionship and loving friendship between this brave, gentle artist and the children.

\* To this friend of Millet, Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, I am indebted for valuable reminiscences.





BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

AFTER a long consultation on the part of the children, the stockings hung from the nursery mantelpiece. It was felt that Waddle and Toto were too young to present their case with sufficient skill in favor of the nursery mantelpiece; and everybody was certain that the stockings should hang in a row. They always had hung so, and they looked extremely jolly by bulging at contrasting points. So Laure and Weston obeyed their consciences, and gave up pressing their claims for the hall fireplace or either of their own rooms.

Waddle's stocking looked so small that Weston laughed at it; but Laure put on her superior air, and told him it was the prettiest of the four, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Toto suggested that, as he had two legs, he should be allowed to hang up two stockings; he also hinted that his shoes could hold something, and he advised the other children to give this matter practical consideration.

"Do you wish to make Santa Claus angry, Toto?" asked Weston, chidingly.

Toto looked much distressed, and turned around slowly to the door, as if he expected Santa Claus to be on the threshold ready to punish him. But as the doorway was empty, he turned back doubly saucy.

"Santa Claus can't be angry, Weston. If you were always good-natured, I think you might have a big bag with presents in it to give away."

Toto's logic seemed to have convinced his brother and sister, for at nine o'clock that night four pairs of stockings hung from the nursery mantel. The children were as quiet as dolls in their beds. But downstairs the parlor was very gloomy, although three people sat in it.

"O John!" cried Mrs. Carey, the children's

mother, "I am becoming perfectly wretched! What if the express does n't get here?"

"My dear, you have already asked that question several times," said her husband.

"Well, are not you thinking about the presents, too?" she demanded.

"Yes; I shall cry in a minute," he gayly answered.

Grandmother laughed softly; but she tried to calm her daughter's anxiety.

"I have heard that the express is very apt to be late on Christmas Eve," she said. "And, besides, even if the things *don't* get here, the day will be happy enough, Sophie."

"There it is, I think!" exclaimed the children's father, who was as excited as his wife over the matter, although he had become so accustomed to supplying the courage for the household, that he was very quiet. "No; the sleigh went by."

"I'm going to look at the stockings," said Mrs. Carey. And she ran softly upstairs. When she came down again, she was so mournful that Mr. Carey said:

"Sophie, it is really early yet for the express, you know."

"But we bought the things yesterday!" she protested.

"That makes it very likely that they will come here all right to-day, does n't it?" inquired her husband.

Mrs. Carey now stood at the window, looking out into the darkness, through which a fine snow drifted, as usual on the eve of Christmas.

"Cheer up, dear," pleaded her husband over the top of the evening paper.

At the words she clapped her hands and turned joyfully toward the room, saying:

"Oh, it is all right, at last! How thankful I am!"

In fact, Mrs. Carey seemed to dismiss from her mind all thought of the presents as soon as she saw the sleigh draw up at the gate; and she now sat down by the center-table and took up some fancy-work, while Mr. Carey went to the door to speak to the expressman.

There was a little laughter and some stamping. Mrs. Carey looked up—and there was Aunt Fitch!

Instead of screaming, or groaning with disappointment, or doing anything else that would have expressed an unpleasant shock, Mrs. Carey flew at the old lady and kissed her in the merriest manner, exclaiming twenty different welcomes, as if her delight required a very unusual number, and then reluctantly handed over Aunt Fitch to Grandmother's embrace.

"We feel flattered," said Mr. Carey. "It had grown so late that we began to fear you had chosen Henry's or Laurie's this year."

"No," replied Aunt Fitch. "I made up my mind to come—six months ago. You see, among other reasons, I knew Waddle would be so cunning by this time, and I wanted to have the fun of seeing her before she grows wiser and bigger."

A yelp from one of the old lady's parcels announced to the Careys that "Picket" had come in his accustomed hamper, and Mrs. Carey flew to open it and let the welcome skye-terrier out. At once the dog bounded into the room.

"I had chosen a lovely imitation skye-terrier for Waddle!" cried the anxious mother, suddenly remembering all her disappointment about the presents.

"Why do you speak in that tone?" asked Aunt Fitch. "What has happened?"

"The most serious thing that ever was heard of on Christmas Eve!" said Mrs. Carey. "The children's presents have not come! I always like to buy them the last thing, or else they are sure to turn up before they are wanted, in out-of-the-way corners; then, too, there is a delightful excitement about Christmasing at the last moment; but now I am punished for my selfish folly in delaying, for the express has evidently overlooked the packages. What will the children do?" Aunt Fitch gave a rather cheerful grunt as Grandmother helped her off with her velvet bonnet. "Just think what a sad Christmas Day it will be!" cried Mrs. Carey again, her eyes full of tears. "And the empty stockings!"

"Perhaps it will be dismal, and perhaps it won't," said Aunt Fitch. "As for me, I have brought nothing expensive with me to give 'em; for you know I don't believe in gift-affection. But I believe in having a good time, and I'll do what

I can to help you out, Sophia. And you'd better leave the stockings where they are. The children might as well learn something to-morrow. Now I'll go to my room, if you please; for I've had a long journey. Come, Picket, go to bed!"

"A great deal depends on you for to-morrow, my dear aunt!" said Mr. Carey, as he bade her an affectionate good-night.

"One would think I was a pilot," she answered laughingly. "But, nevertheless, I am going to have a sound sleep, and forget about every one of you."

Aunt Fitch disappeared by the staircase, and her terrier trotted off with Mr. Carey to the basket which was always in readiness in case the little dog came to visit them.

The next morning Toto was the first in the house to awake; and it is a wonder that Waddle did not wake at the same moment, for something was happening with considerable noise in their nursery. Bump, bump, tumble, grumble, squeak, scamper! That was what made Toto sit up in his bed and blink, while a dim light filled the windows, and the night-taper began to look stupid. Suddenly Toto went back under the blanket, for he saw only five stockings hanging at the mantel-shelf, and he was certain that Santa Claus must be busy filling them at that moment. Then somebody jumped upon his bed; he felt four jolly little feet on different parts of his body, and he slowly uncovered his head.

"Picket!"

Picket stood as still as a statue, gazing back at Toto. A limp and shattered stocking dangled from the terrier's mouth, and his ears spread out with their fringes of silken hair. Not an eye was to be seen in his face, but his bang looked as if it meant to speak.

"You precious pet!" cried Toto, enveloping the dog in his arms. But Picket wriggled away and was on the floor the next moment, prancing about with the stocking and tripping himself up with it, so that he rolled over just as if it were fighting with him, and getting the upper hand too. Toto shouted with laughter, and Waddle started up with her pale blue eyes filled with sleep and astonishment, unable to see anything; but she was soon laughing agreeably in company with her brother, and then skillfully sliding into a bawl of alarm.

"It's Picket!" Toto cried. "See, Waddle! He's torn all the stockings to pieces, now, but yours. That hangs up still; and, O Waddle, it's empty!"

All this noise had aroused Laure, who soon stood on the threshold of the room in her little peach-colored wrapper, while the daylight grew

stronger every moment, and revealed the strange condition of things quite distinctly.

"Weston! Weston!" was all she said; and her mouth would n't shut after that.

Weston immediately appeared in a crazy-quilt. He and his elder sister whispered together, staring at the empty fireplace, usually heaped with presents, and at Waddle's solitary stocking. They received Picket's active greetings as though he were a ghost.

"I wonder if this is Christmas Day?" Laure half sobbed.

"Of course it is; but Santa Claus forgot to come," Weston replied.

"Santa Claus had a great deal to do in his hurry, or was stuck in a snowdrift, I suppose," Laure promptly rejoined. "How dreadfully sorry for us Mamma will be! Toto and Waddle, do you hear? You must try to comfort Mamma for there being no presents. The hearth is quite empty; and here is Picket, who has torn up the empty stockings!" And Laure burst into tears, and sat down in a heap on the floor.

Picket ran up to her and gave a great leap at her face, and they all laughed, in spite of their dismay and disappointment.

"If Picket is here, Aunt Fitch can't be far away," said Weston in a whisper to Laure. "Oh, what fun it will be if she has come to spend Christmas!"

"Perhaps Santa Claus gave her the presents to bring," suggested Toto. "I am sure they must be friends; don't you think so, Laure?"

Laure had opened her lips to answer, when all turned their eyes to the doorsill, upon which stood a little bent figure in a dark cloak with a hood which hung out so far as quite to hide the face of the wearer. A thin hand projected, resting upon a cane. The older children thought at once of the traditional old woman in the fairy stories, who always brought wealth and happiness to the people she visited.

"Pray tell me, if Miss Laure, Master Weston, Toto, and Waddle are at home," asked the little hooded person, tapping on the sill with her cane.

"Oh, yes; here we all are, madam," Laure answered, coming forward with a bow.

"I called early on very particular business," continued the visitor. "I have been told that you are among the children whom Santa Claus did not visit last night; and as it is through no fault of your own, I have come to speak with you about it."

"I want my p'sents!" roared Waddle, taking in the whole situation so suddenly that she was frightened, besides being greatly disappointed.

"Stop, Waddle!" Toto cried; "or I'll tell Mamma! Listen to what the old witch says."

"Toto, I'm surprised at your calling her a witch," exclaimed Laure, setting out a chair, and motioning with her hand for the old lady to be seated, while Weston shut the window and blew out the night light. "It is rather cold here, to be sure, but Weston will start the fire, and you can keep your cloak on for a while."

"Stay in bed, Toto," said Weston, as his brother skipped up. "You can tell Mamma as much as you wish to, by and by; but you must obey me now. Put the blanket around you, and sit down, nicely."

Meantime the little old woman had seated herself in the chair which Laure offered, and Laure herself had taken a seat on Waddle's bed, and put that cunning bundle on her lap; and a little hush indicated that some remarks were expected from the queer-looking stranger, who knew so much about interesting matters.

"You must learn, in the first place," said she, wobbling her prominent hood about as she shook her head emphatically,—and the fire gave a crackle of encouragement as it began fairly to burn,—"that your presents will probably arrive here to-morrow morning!"

Toto whispered, before any one else could do anything, "I don't want them to-morrow morning!"

But Laure and Weston clapped their hands, and Waddle hammered her feet on Laure's knee like two drumsticks, and sung out:

"Ho, ho, ho! I want something woolly for my p'sent!" Upon which her sister hugged her until Waddle's face was red enough to alarm Picket, who stood looking at her with one ear hung up like a flying sail; and he gave a loud bark. He had been sniffing around the shoes of the old lady, and had thought over the state of things very carefully, with the result that he appeared twice as good-natured as before she entered the room.

"We're delighted to hear it!" responded Weston, in answer to her news. "To-day will be rather solemn, though, and I am afraid we shall look glum now and then. I was never without Christmas presents on Christmas Day before, in all my life."

"It is quite well, then," returned the little old lady, shaking her stick at him as if in play, "that you should share for once the discomfort of children who have never any Christmas presents from anybody, although they see other



people enjoying the frolic of the season. Now you know what a dreadful empty feeling belongs to those who are only lookers-on."

"You talk as if we ate our presents!" interrupted Toto, who had a way of being very impolite with the pleasantest demeanor in the world. But the old lady treated his remark with the indifference it deserved.

"I should think," threw in Laure, "that children who never had anything given them would not feel as badly as we do this morning. They can't know how nice it is to have charming things."

"Indeed they do!" said the old lady. "It makes my heart ache to think how many children are waking up this morning with a longing to have some one put a pretty toy into their hands to keep for their own—children who have never even touched a rubber ball!"

Everybody was very silent.

"I don't like to think of it!" Laure murmured, at last. "We can not help it, although we should be glad to; and so I think we would better forget all about those poor children."

"Where are they, anyhow?" asked Toto.

The old lady flourished her stick at them all.

"You can't do anything, can't you? And where are they, eh? Toto, they're in this town, where you live, if you choose to look for 'em; and Laure, they're able to take presents, if you give 'em a chance to do so, you little goose!"

"Why does n't Santa Claus see to all that?" retorted Toto, uncrushed as ever.

"My, how hot that fire is getting!" replied the visitor.

A noise of water dashing into a tub, and of steps approaching, told that Nurse was on the war-path for children to wash and dress; and there was a sudden jump and scream at the door when the good woman perceived the strange figure sitting in the middle of the room. The figure rose, and bobbed a courtesy.

"Don't scream, Nursey," begged Weston. "Santa Claus has sent a messenger to say that the presents could n't get here until to-morrow, and we've been talking it over. My dear witch," he continued, getting up in his crazy-quilt, and bowing low, looking like a kind of Indian with his uncombed hair and gay apparel; "on second thoughts, I am sure it was right for you to tell us of the poor children, and perhaps we can set about looking after a few of them, somehow. Anyhow, you're a dear old *naughty*, are n't you!" And with that Weston scampered past the old lady and gave her hood a great smack as he went, and laughed himself beyond hearing, to get himself dressed. Laure tossed Waddle

into the gaping nurse's arms, and threw herself so enthusiastically on the visitor that the poor soul nearly toppled over; and with another kiss ran out of the room, leaving the old lady to hobble smartly down the hall in the direction of the guest-chamber, chuckling, with Picket close behind her.

Mrs. Carey issued from her room, calling "Merry Christmas!" along the hall, though her voice quavered at the words. But out popped sundry heads along the way she went, calling back in various tones, "Merry Christmas, Mamma!" And the tones sounded really jolly, for the children all had the sense of there being fun under the roof of the house, in spite of the queer kind of celebration they were having. To be sure, Nurse had pulled out a present for each from her big pocket, and they had gloated over the little remembrances as if they had been set with jewels, they were so glad to have something. And then Mr. Carey's voice shouted out "Merry Christmas!" so loud that Picket was heard to bark in reply, and go scurrying downstairs to punish the man who dared to make as much turmoil in the house as he himself made.

When the family assembled in the dining-room for breakfast, there entered from the parlor an extraordinary dame, whose white muslin cap was so enormously high in the crown, out of all proportion with herself, that the children danced and shouted with delight. She wore a queer dress of red flannel, and a white lace neckerchief, fastened with a broad black velvet bow; and her spectacles must have been made out of ancient window-panes, they were so big. She had heavy black eyebrows, which seemed to curve up with great effort, and her cheeks were very pink, and her nose was very white, so that even Laure and Weston wondered if they knew her. In she came, with a fine smile, and bobbed a dozen courtesies, crying out:

"Good Merry Christmas morning to you all!"

Then the laughing children caught sight of the breakfast-table, whereon a few unaccustomed objects attracted their hilarious attention.

At Laure's plate there was a pile of twelve books, covered with different bright colors of cambric, to protect the binding; and numbered in big numerals I., II., III., and so on. A card lying upon this gayly tinted array revealed that the books were from Aunt Fitch, and were to be read through the coming year, one for every month. They were splendid books in point of value, which Laure had not yet read; and Aunt Fitch had carefully graded them, in order that her little niece would be able to understand every one the better for having read the one preceding it. At Weston's plate there was a "live rooster who could n't move," as Toto expressed it, with a tail and neck

as glossy and superb in color as any that ever were seen. A card hung at the leg of this present, which said that under the feathers of its prettily curved back was a passage-way for coin, therein to be deposited for twelve months; and under this piece of information were the words, "Never be late!" Toto was dumb with rapture over a portfolio of prints which had been cut from illustrated periodicals and weekly newspapers, and pasted upon cardboard, ready for painting by Toto, who delighted in this branch of art. There was no need of giving him a paint-box, for he had possessed a good one ever since he could say what he wanted. Waddle's present was a big cat, made of white and brown worsted that stood up over its body as worsted does in a hairpin-ball; and its eyes were two great yellow beads with black painted in the middle, very lifelike. Around its neck was a bright ribbon; and it stood up as well as anybody. Waddle was never tired of trying to find out how deep the fur was, and how the fuzzy tail never would pull to pieces. These presents also were from Aunt Fitch, and her praises resounded on all sides; while the little lady in red flannel and the peaked cap dodged among the members of the family, her odd aspect and bright speeches producing bursts of merriment wherever she went.

But there stood Mrs. Carey at the head of the table, just a little pale, in spite of a smile; and Weston took notice of her regretful expression, and rushed up to her, and flung his arms around her neck, in the style of the days when he was four years old and not at all in the dignified manner usual with him since he felt himself half a man.

"Mamma, darling, is n't this a jolly Christmas morning, eh?" said he. "And do you know, Santa Claus could n't get around last night, and sent the queerest little creature, to let us understand that he'd be here soon; and —"

"Oh!" broke in Laure, "dear Mamma, if you feel distressed about our stockings being empty, I assure you we shall scold you roundly, for we are perfectly reconciled — and — and besides, Picket has eaten them up!"

"And if they'd been full," joined in Weston again, "Picket would have pulled them down, all the same, and ruined everything; so it's lucky they were empty."

"No, he would n't!" cried the small woman in red. "Don't you know I sent him up to the nursery to amuse you all because they were empty? Bah!"

"And who are you, ma'am?" Toto inquired shortly.

"You mos' too funny!" interjected Waddle, who seemed to be playing on her cat's back with her lips, as if it were a shepherd's pipes, while staring at the stranger.

"I say," cried Toto; "I wish you'd tell me who you are! You don't look like anybody under the sun. I guess you had a cloak over you, a little while ago; did n't you?"

Toto thought himself cleverer than the rest of the household to have hit upon this fact; for fact it was. But Laure and Weston could hardly help shouting with fun to see him so mystified as to who the stranger really might be.

"My name is Aunt Holiday," answered she in squeaking tones, standing up straight with her arms akimbo, and shaking her head from side to side rapidly, so that her cap looked twice as big as when it was quiet. "Every one has a chance to have a good time when I come for a visit." And she suddenly stopped shaking her head, looked fixedly at Toto, and then nodded at him. Toto was still gazing at her in astonishment, when his mother cheerily commanded the family to sit down to breakfast, her heart having been wholly relieved of its weight of disappointment when she found that the children were not going to be wretched themselves. And Aunt Holiday was placed at once at Mr. Carey's right hand.

"And to what shall I help you, my dear Aunt Fitch?" began Grandmother, rubbing her fingers together with morning briskness. "Oh, dear, *what have I said?*"

The children burst out into screams of delight, and pointed at the little woman in the big cap; though Waddle followed suit merely from habit, and demanded:

"Who's Aunt Fitch?"

"Why, you're pointing at her!" shouted Toto. "Of course it's Aunt Fitch, with her funny fancies!"

"Come here and welcome me, then," said the outlandish guest, turning to him; but he sat very still in his chair, and grew red in the face.

"Look different first," he answered, as if she could change her appearance instantly whenever she chose.

"Why, Toto! don't you know your old Aunt Fitch?" cried the voice he had learned to love from its merry kindness; and his great-aunt pulled off her big spectacles, and laid them by her plate. Toto was at her elbow in an instant, kissing off her powder and rouge, and making her cap totter to the floor, which gave Picket one of his mischievous scampers, during which the cap was absurdly rumpled; but Aunt Holiday put it on again, because she said she could not tell fairy-stories unless she wore it.

"Oh, yes, I have some rare stories to tell you to-day," she added; "and this is my thinking-cap."

"Do you know," said Laure, "I wish you would tell us about the children who never have



presents, Aunt Holiday, before you give us fairy-tales and other laughable stories. I've thought several times of the unhappy children since I met you in that cloak of yours at break of day. I shall never remember them without seeing your black cloak. Mamma, do you suppose we can ever do anything for the children who are forgotten?"

"Every Saturday throughout the coming year,"

wise it would be to adopt it; and then a great many children will be made happy. Parish Christmas-trees go a long way; but I think we can carry our basket where even they have not been heard of; and I am sure children like to get into little corners by themselves, with their treasures, after finding them at their feet, as you might say, and without much talking and management."



"WHEN THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED FOR BREAKFAST, THERE ENTERED AN EXTRAORDINARY DAME."

interrupted Aunt Holiday, "you all can devote a quarter of an hour in the morning to making nice gifts, such as they will best like; and on next Christmas Day we can put them in a basket, and take them around to the poorest houses in town. Nobody will expect us, and they will be glad we have come. You can also tell your young friends of your plan, and they may see how

"That is a lovely idea of yours, Aunt Fitch!" cried Mrs. Carey. "I engage myself to help the children to carry it out; and if no one tries to enter into the scheme who does not heartily care to, I am sure there will be no fussy patronage about it; but the unfortunate little ones will have true pleasure, and all in consequence of our children's empty Christmas stockings to-day!"



## A MILLENNIUM.

By E. W.

If ever I should grow to be  
 So big that I could make a doll  
 With hair and dress and parasol,  
 I'd make enough to make them free!

I think it is a burning shame  
 To see so many girls and boys —

And men and women — with no toys  
 But such as few would care to claim.

If every one could be like me,  
 And have a doll as nice as mine,  
 With real eyes and joints and spine,  
 Oh, what a happy world 't would be!



## A FORTUNATE OPENING.

(Concluded.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"WE now had our meals regularly, for my wife had gone to work in the kitchen. She declared it was the most 'cluttered-up' place she ever saw in her life, but she had made wood fires in the curious stove, which it took her a long time to understand, and we had hot tea and coffee and warm food of various kinds. I always sat at table in the captain's place, with my wife, representing the most honored passenger, at my right hand.

"After a brief calm a breeze sprang up, and as soon as we felt it, as we stood on deck, looking out for sails, we ran forward to see what effect it had on our foresail. The great canvas was puffed out and swelling. It made me proud to look at it.

"Now we shall sail before the wind," I said, 'if we sail at all. I don't know that one sail will be enough to move the ship.'

"But how about the waves coming in at the side where it is stove in?" asked my wife.

"We shall have the wind and waves at the stern of the ship," I said; 'so that will be all right.'

"She thought this might be so, and we went to the vessel's side and threw over chips, to see if it really moved. Before long it was evident that the steamer did move a little, for the chips gradually began to float backward. When I saw that this was truly the case, I gave a cheer.

"Hurrah!" I cried, 'she's off! And now let's hurry up and steer!'

"Up to the pilot-house we rushed, and we both took hold of the great wheel. I pulled one side up and my wife pressed the other side down, standing on the spokes with a full appreciation of the importance of her weight. We put the rudder around a little to the starboard, I think it was; and then we watched the clouds, the only points of comparison we had, to see if it steered any. We were pretty sure it did. If the clouds did not move so as to deceive us, our bow had certainly turned a little to the right, and I also found that there was a difference in the swelling of the sail. We then brought the rudder back as before and the sail filled out again beautifully. Then we knew that we could steer.

"The success pleased us wonderfully. We forgot our dangerous situation, our loneliness, and our helplessness. Indeed, we ceased to consider ourselves helpless. Could we not make this great vessel go, and even alter its course if we chose?

"My wife wished thoroughly to understand the matter.

"How fast do you think we are going?" said she.

"I replied that a mile an hour was perhaps as high a rate of speed as we could claim, but she thought we were doing better than that. The Gulf Stream itself would carry us some miles an hour,—she had read how many, but had forgotten,—and certainly our sail would help a great deal, besides keeping the steamer from drifting along stern foremost.

"And then," she said, 'as long as the vessel is moving at all, which way do you think it would be best to steer it?'

"I had been thinking over that matter, and had come to the conclusion that, with our limited facilities for moving the steamer, it would be well to keep before the wind. Indeed, I did not know any other way to sail than this, which was exactly the principle on which, when I was a boy, I used to sail little shingle boats with paper squaresails upon a pond.

"And thus we sailed the vessel. We steered merely enough to keep the wind behind us; and, as it blew from the south, I was well satisfied with our course, for I knew that if we sailed north long enough, we should near some part of the coast of the United States, where we should be certain to meet vessels that would rescue us.

"The wind soon began to grow stronger, and it was not long before we were moving on at a rate which was quite perceptible. We did not remain in the pilot-house all the time. I frequently tied the wheel so that the rudder could not 'wobble,' as my wife expressed it, and went up again when the conduct of the sail seemed to indicate that a little steering was needed. At night I tied up the wheel with the rudder straight behind us,—I wish I could express the matter more nautically,—lighted our deck-lights, and went to bed. The first night the wind was quite violent, and I was afraid it would blow our sail away, but there was no help for it. I could not take the sail in, nor did I wish to cut it loose, for I might never get it back again if the wind continued. So I saw that everything was as tight and as strong as I could make it, and then I retired in the hope that I would find it all right in the morning, as I did.

"One night—I think it was the fourth night after we set our sail—we were just going below to our stateroom, when my wife looked over the side of the vessel and gave a scream.

"A light!" she cried—"a vessel!" I looked and

saw it. It was a little speck of light down on the top of the water in the horizon.

"Look at it!" she said, clutching my arm. 'Now it's down behind the waves—now it's up again! How regularly it rises and falls! Do you

"I carried her below and laid her in her berth. I did not try to revive her, but with a chilling sensation of despair I ran to the pilot-house. The thought of land brought no happiness to me. In a few hours we might have beaten to pieces on the



"UP TO THE PILOT-HOUSE WE RUSHED, AND WE BOTH TOOK HOLD OF THE GREAT WHEEL."

think—oh, do you really think it is coming this way?"

"I stood staring at it. At last I spoke. 'It is not a vessel,' I said; 'it is a light-house with an intermittent light.'

"She threw her arms around my neck. 'Oh, happiness! happiness!' she cried; 'it is land!' And then she fainted.

shore where stood that light of warning. With all my strength I put the rudder around so as to turn the ship's bow away from the light. Whether or not the wind would serve in the new direction I could not tell, but I felt that I must do all that I could—and this was all. I tied up the wheel and went down to my wife. I found her sitting up. To her excited inquiries in regard to our approach

to shore, and, as she thought, to a safe end to our strange voyage, I told her that I would avoid, if possible, drawing near to the coast at night—that in the morning we would be able to see what we were about.

"After she had gone to sleep, I went on deck again and I staid there all night, going below at intervals. An hour or two before dawn the light disappeared altogether. We had floated or sailed away from it—at least I had reason to hope so. When the day broke bright and clear, I got a glass from the captain's room, but could see no sign of land.

"My wife was much disappointed when she

It was a pilot-boat. Soon we could distinguish a great figure 3 upon its well-filled sail.

"In an hour, apparently, but it may have been in much less time than that, the pilot with four negro men clambered on board. They came up a rope-ladder that I let down to them. I had a nervous time finding the ladder, which I had not noticed until they called for it.

"I can not attempt to describe our feelings, or the amazement of the men when I told our story. We were off Charleston, South Carolina. I asked the pilot if he could take us in with our sails. He said he thought he could take us along until we could signal a tug, but he did not consent



"IT WAS A PILOT-BOAT."

came on deck, but I explained that we did not wish to make a landing in this ship. But if we were near the coast we must soon meet some vessel; so we kept the ship before the wind as well as we could, and waited, and looked out, and hoped, and feared, and that afternoon we saw a sail.

"It was a small vessel and was approaching us. It grew larger and larger. I made it out to be a schooner. We stood hand in hand, with our eyes steadily fixed upon it. It came nearer and nearer.

to do this until he and his men had made an examination of our ship's injuries.

"'Can't we go ashore in the pilot's vessel?' my wife asked. 'There are some men on board of it. They could take us in.'

"'No, my dear,' I said. 'Let us stick to our steamer. She has floated well enough so far, and she will bear us to shore, I think.'

"So she consented to stay by the steamer, and she felt better about it when she saw how the men

went to work. They went about it as if they knew how. They laughed at our foresail and they set it right. I had not imagined there was anything wrong about it. They hauled up the jib and set it. They raised the big mainsail on the after-deck. The wind was fair and strong, and now the steamer really seemed to move. The pilot-boat sailed rapidly away ahead of us. The pilot thought we had been near the inner edge of the Gulf Stream when the collision occurred. He also thought that our sail had helped us along somewhat during our voyage toward the coast. There had been a strong south-eastern breeze during most of the time.

"The next morning a tug met us, and we were towed up to the city, and eventually found ourselves at anchor in the harbor. Our vessel was an object of great interest, and a number of boats came out to us. But we did not go on shore. I refused to leave the vessel or to allow anybody to advise me to do or not to do anything. My wife set to work to pack up our effects.

"I sent a telegram to the owners of the vessel in New York and a note to a lawyer in the city. The latter came on board in due time, and I put my case before him. By his advice I paid the pilot and the captain of the tug—and this took every dollar I had, with some money I borrowed of the lawyer—and then I made, through him, the formal claim that I had found the steamer abandoned at sea, and that I had brought her into port, having employed and paid for all the assistance I had had, except what was given me by my wife. And I also demanded salvage proportionate to the value of the vessel and cargo.

"This scheme came into my head while the pilot-boat was approaching us at sea. And therefore it was that I declined to go ashore in the pilot-boat, and so abandon the steamer to the pilot and his men.

"There was a lawsuit brought by me. The affair was submitted to arbitration and settled

satisfactorily. The pilot made a claim, and, by advice, I allowed him a portion of the salvage.

"The vessel contained a valuable cargo of fine woods, coffee and other South American products, and, after weeks of valuations, appraisements, and arbitrations, during which my wife went home to her boy, I came into the possession of a sum which was to me a modest fortune. I could again go into business for myself, or I could live upon my income in a quiet way for the rest of my life.

"Very little water was found in the hold of the Joseph Barker. The panic among the sailors had doubtless been caused by the sight of the waves through the gap in the side of the vessel, and by the spray dashing through the aperture—the extent of which could not be easily determined from the inside on account of the arrangement of the cargo.

"There was great sorrow and anxiety on the part of the families and friends of the crew and passengers of the steamer, and I received hundreds of letters and many visits of inquiry in regard to the probable fate of those unfortunate persons, but I could tell very little, and that little was by no means comforting.

"In a couple of weeks, however, news came. The ship that had collided with us had not put back; but, at the end of the second day after the disaster, a schooner bound for Martinique had picked up all the boats except our little one and the overloaded boat of the first mate. It had then continued its voyage, no search being made for the steamer, which was supposed to have gone down. The survivors were brought to the United States by another schooner.

"And now, boys," said Mr. Bartlett, "don't you think that was a very fortunate opening for a man in my circumstances?"

"What opening, sir?" asked several of the boys.

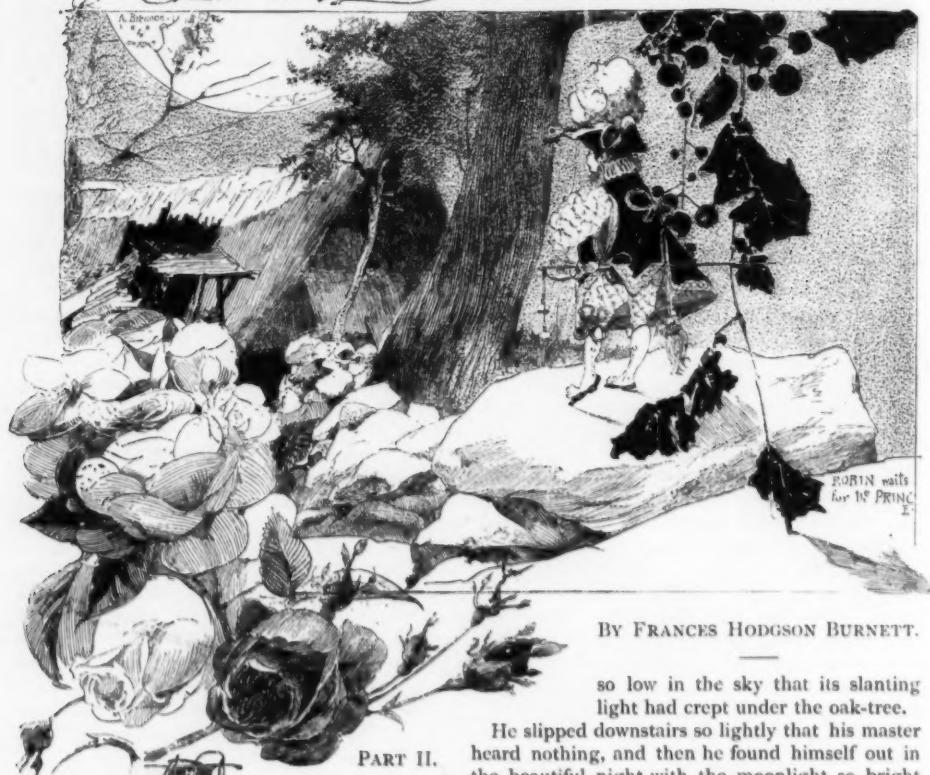
"Why, the hole in the side of the ship," said Mr. Bartlett.

"Oh!" exclaimed the boys in chorus.





# The story of PRINCE FAIRYFOOT.



ROBIN waits  
for his PRINCE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## PART II.

N WENT the swineherd's wife and she prepared quite a good supper for Fairyfoot, and gave it to him. But Fairyfoot was scarcely hungry at

all, he was so eager for night to come, so that he might see the fairies. When he went to his loft under the roof, he thought at first he could not sleep; but suddenly his hand touched the fairy whistle and he fell asleep at once, and did not waken again until a moonbeam fell brightly upon his face and aroused him. Then he jumped up and ran to the hole in the wall to look out, and he saw that the hour had come, and that the moon was

so low in the sky that its slanting light had crept under the oak-tree.

He slipped downstairs so lightly that his master heard nothing, and then he found himself out in the beautiful night with the moonlight so bright that it was lighter than daytime. And there was Robin Goodfellow waiting for him under the tree! He was so finely dressed that, for a moment, Fairyfoot scarcely knew him. His suit was made out of the purple velvet petals of a pansy, which was far finer than any ordinary velvet, and he wore plumes, and tassels, and a ruffle around his neck, and in his belt was thrust a tiny sword, not half as big as the finest needle.

"Take me on your shoulder," he said to Fairyfoot, "and I will show you the way."

Fairyfoot took him up, and they went their way through the forest. And the strange part of it was that though Fairyfoot thought he knew all the forest by heart, every path they took was new to him, and more beautiful than anything he had ever seen before. The moonlight seemed to grow brighter and purer at every step, and the sleeping flowers sweeter and lovelier, and the moss greener and thicker. Fairyfoot felt so happy and gay that he forgot he had ever been sad and lonely in his life.



Robin Goodfellow, too, seemed to be in very good spirits. He related a great many stories to Fairyfoot, and, singularly enough, they all were about himself and divers and sundry fairy ladies who had been so very much attached to him that he scarcely expected to find them alive at the present moment. He felt quite sure they must have died of grief in his absence.

"I have caused a great deal of trouble in the course of my life," he said, regretfully, shaking his head. "I have sometimes wished I could avoid it, but that is impossible. Ahem!—When my great-aunt's grandmother rashly and inopportunistically changed me into a robin, I was having a little flirtation with a little creature who was really quite attractive. I might have decided to engage myself to her. She was very charming. Her name was Gauzita. To-morrow I shall go and place flowers on her tomb."

"I thought fairies never died," said Fairyfoot.

"Only on rare occasions and only from love," answered Robin. "They need n't die unless they wish to. They have been known to do it through love. They frequently wish they had n't afterward,—in fact, invariably,—and then they can come to life again. But Gauzita—"

"Are you quite sure she is dead?" asked Fairyfoot.

"Sure!" cried Mr. Goodfellow, in wild indignation. "Why, she has n't seen me for a couple of years. I've molted twice since last we met. I congratulate myself that she did n't see me then," he added in a lower voice. "Of course she's dead," he added, with solemn emphasis—"as dead as a door nail."

Just then Fairyfoot heard some enchanting sounds, faint but clear. They were sounds of delicate music and of tiny laughter, like the ringing of silver bells.

"Ah!" said Robin Goodfellow, "there they are! But it seems to me they are rather gay, considering they have not seen me for so long. Turn into the path."

Almost immediately they found themselves in a beautiful little dell, filled with moonlight, and with glittering stars in the cup of every flower; for there were thousands of dewdrops, and every dewdrop shone like a star. There were also crowds and crowds of tiny men and women, all beautiful, all dressed in brilliant, delicate dresses, all laughing or dancing or feasting at the little tables, which were loaded with every dainty the most fastidious fairy could wish for.

"Now," said Robin Goodfellow, "you shall see me sweep all before me. Put me down."

Fairyfoot put him down, and stood and watched him while he walked forward with a very grand

manner. He went straight to the gayest and largest group he could see. It was a group of gentlemen fairies who were crowding around a lily of the valley, on the bent stem of which a tiny lady fairy was sitting, airily swaying herself to and fro, and laughing and chatting with all her admirers at once.

She seemed to be enjoying herself immensely; indeed, it was disgracefully plain that she was having a great deal of fun. One gentleman fairy was fanning her, one was holding her programme, one had her bouquet, another her little scent bottle, and those who had nothing to hold for her were scowling furiously at the rest. It was evident that she was very popular and that she did not object to it at all; in fact, the way her eyes sparkled and danced was distinctly reprehensible.

"You have engaged to dance the next waltz with every one of us!" said one of her adorers. "How are you going to do it?"

"Did I engage to dance with all of you?" she said, giving her lily stem the sauciest little swing, which set all the bells ringing. "Well, I am not going to dance it with all."

"Not with *me*?" the admirer with the fan whispered in her ear.

She gave him the most delightful little look, just to make him believe she wanted to dance with him but really could n't. Robin Goodfellow saw her. And then she smiled sweetly upon all the rest, every one of them. Robin Goodfellow saw that too.

"I am going to sit here and look at you and let you talk to me," she said; "I do so enjoy brilliant conversation."

All the gentlemen fairies were so much elated by this that they began to brighten up, and settle their ruffs, and fall into graceful attitudes, and think of sparkling things to say; because every one of them knew from the glance of her eyes in his direction, that he was the one whose conversation was brilliant; every one knew there could be no mistake about its being himself that she meant. The way she looked just proved it. Altogether, it was more than Robin Goodfellow could stand, for it was Gauzita who was deporting herself in this unaccountable manner, swinging on lily stems and "going on," so to speak, with several partners at once in a way to chill the blood of any proper young lady fairy—who had n't any partner at all. It was Gauzita herself.

He made his way into the very center of the group.

"Gauzita!" he said. He thought, of course, she would drop right off her lily stem. But she did n't. She simply stopped swinging a moment, and stared at him.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "And who are you?"

"Who am I?" cried Mr. Goodfellow severely.

"Don't you remember me?"

"No," she said coolly; "I don't, not in the least."

Robin Goodfellow almost gasped for breath. He had never met with anything so outrageous in his life.

"You don't remember *me*," he cried. "*Me!* Why, it's impossible!"

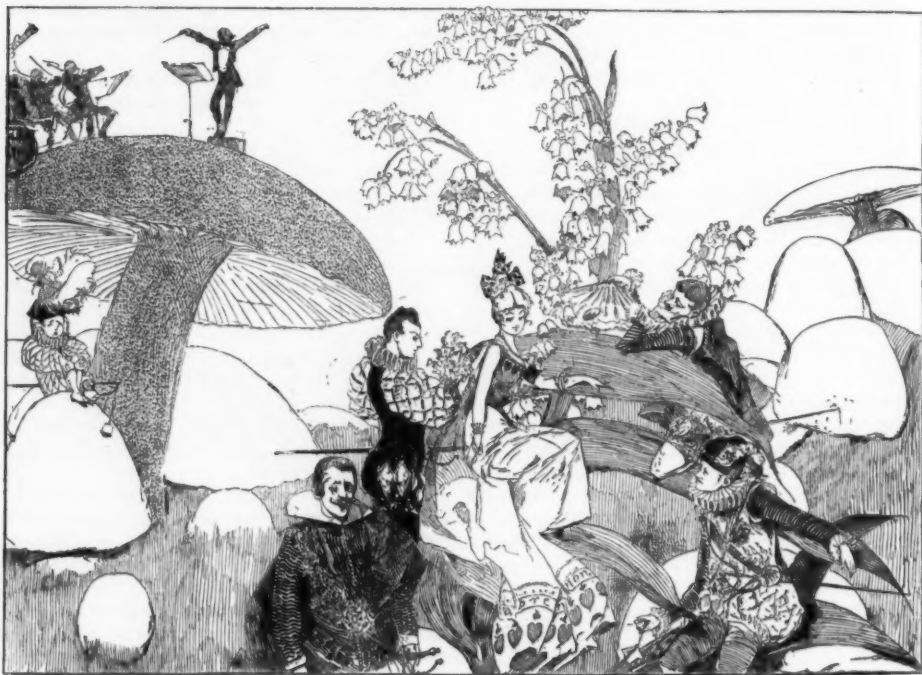
"Is it?" said Gauzita with a touch of dainty impudence. "What's your name?"

ulous thing to be changed into! What was his name?"

"Oh, yes! I know whom you mean. Mr. —, ah — Goodfellow!" said the fairy with the fan.

"So it was," she said, looking Robin over again.

"And he has been pecking at trees and things, and hopping in and out of nests ever since, I suppose. How absurd! And we have been enjoying ourselves so much since he went away! I think I never *did* have so lovely a time as I have had during these last two years. I began to know you," she added, in a kindly tone, "just about the time he went away."



ROBIN GOODFELLOW IS DISAPPOINTED.

Robin Goodfellow was almost paralyzed. Gauzita took up a midget of an eyeglass which she had dangling from a thread of a gold chain, and she stuck it in her eye and tilted her impertinent little chin and looked him over. Not that she was near-sighted — not a bit of it; — it was just one of her tricks and manners.

"Dear me!" she said. "You do look a trifle familiar. It is n't, it can't be, Mr. —, Mr. —," then she turned to the adorer who held her fan, — "it can't be Mr. —, the one who was changed into a robin, you know," she said. "Such a ridic-

"You have been enjoying yourself?" almost shrieked Robin Goodfellow.

"Well," said Gauzita, in unexcusable slang, "I must smile." And she did smile.

"And nobody has pined away and died?" cried Robin.

"I have n't," said Gauzita, swinging herself and ringing her bells again. "I really have n't had time."

Robin Goodfellow turned around and rushed out of the group. He regarded this as insulting. He went back to Fairyfoot in such a hurry that he tripped on his sword and fell and rolled over so

many times that Fairyfoot had to stop him and pick him up.

"Is she dead?" asked Fairyfoot.

"No," said Robin; "she is n't!"

He sat down on a small mushroom and clasped his hands about his knees and looked mad—just mad. Angry or indignant would n't express it.

"I have a great mind to go and be a misanthrope," he said.

"Oh, I would n't," said Fairyfoot. He did n't know what a misanthrope was; but he thought it must be something unpleasant.

"Would n't you?" said Robin, looking up at him.

"No," answered Fairyfoot.

"Well," said Robin, "I guess I wont. Let's go and have some fun. They are all that way. You can't depend on any of them. Never trust one of them. I believe that creature has been engaged as much as twice since I left. By a singular coincidence," he added, "I have been married twice myself—but of course that's different. I'm a man, you know, and—well, it's different. We wont dwell on it. Let's go and dance. But wait a minute first." He took a little bottle from his pocket.

"If you remain the size you are," he continued, "you will tread on whole sets of lancers and destroy entire germans. If you drink this, you will become as small as we are; and then when you are going home, I will give you something to make you large again." Fairyfoot drank from the little flagon, and immediately he felt himself growing smaller and smaller until at last he was as small as his companion.

"Now, come on!" said Robin.

On they went and joined the fairies, and they danced and played fairy games and feasted on fairy dainties, and were so gay and happy that Fairyfoot was wild with joy. Everybody made him welcome and seemed to like him, and the lady fairies were simply delightful, especially Gauzita, who took a great fancy to him. Just before the sun rose, Robin gave him something from another flagon, and he grew large again, and two minutes and three seconds and a half before daylight the ball broke up, and Robin took him home and left him, promising to call for him the next night.

Every night throughout the whole summer the same thing happened. At midnight he went to the fairies' dance; and at two minutes and three seconds and a half before dawn he came home. He was never lonely any more, because all day long he could think of what pleasure he would have when the night came; and besides that, all the fairies were his friends. But when the summer was coming to an end, Robin Goodfellow said to him: "This is our last dance—at least, it will be

our last for some time. At this time of the year we always go back to our own country, and we don't return until spring."

This made Fairyfoot very sad. He did not know how he could bear to be left alone again, but he knew it could not be helped; so he tried to be as cheerful as possible, and he went to the final festivities and enjoyed himself more than ever before, and Gauzita gave him a tiny ring for a parting gift. But the next night, when Robin did not come for him, he felt very lonely indeed, and the next day he was so sorrowful that he wandered far away into the forest in the hope of finding something to cheer him a little. He wandered so far that he became very tired and thirsty, and he was just making up his mind to go home, when he thought he heard the sound of falling water. It seemed to come from behind a thicket of climbing roses; and he went toward the place and pushed the branches aside a little so that he could look through. What he saw was a great surprise to him. Though it was the end of the summer, inside the thicket the roses were blooming in thousands all around a pool as clear as crystal, into which the sparkling water fell from a hole in a rock above. It was the most beautiful, clear pool that Fairyfoot had ever seen, and he pressed his way through the rose branches, and, entering the circle they inclosed, he knelt by the water and drank.

Almost instantly his feeling of sadness left him, and he felt quite happy and refreshed. He stretched himself on the thick perfumed moss and listened to the tinkling of the water, and it was not long before he fell asleep.

When he awakened, the moon was shining, the pool sparkled like a silver plaque crusted with diamonds, and two nightingales were singing in the branches over his head. And the next moment he found out that he understood their language just as plainly as if they had been human beings instead of birds. The water with which he had quenched his thirst was enchanted, and had given him this new power.

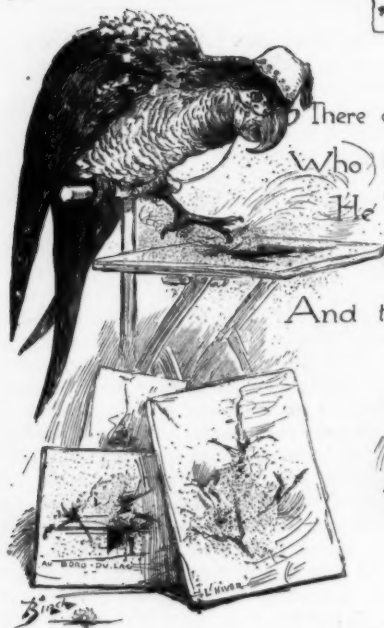
"Poor boy!" said one nightingale, "he looks tired. I wonder where he came from."

"Why, my dear," said the other; "is it possible you don't know that he is Prince Fairyfoot?"

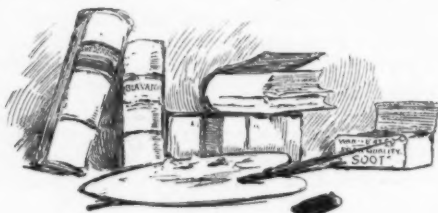
"What!" said the first nightingale—"the King of Stumpingham's son who was born with small feet?"

"Yes," said the second. "And the poor child has lived in the forest, keeping the swineherd's pigs, ever since. And he is a very nice boy, too—never throws stones at birds or robs nests."

"What a pity he does n't know about the pool where the red berries grow!" said the first nightingale.



There once was a Mystic Macaw,  
 Who impressionist pictures could draw.  
 He'd take lampblack and soot  
 On the sole of his foot,  
 And then dash it about with his claw.



### A GLIMPSE OF ETON SCHOOL.

BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

ETON COLLEGE stands in one of the most beautiful places in all England, on the banks of the Thames, under the very walls of Windsor Castle. Do you not think that the Eton boys ought to be very happy, with the Thames to row upon and with such interesting places as Runnymede and Stoke Pogis and Windsor Castle and the great park all about them? Well, I think they are happy.

But the poor boy king who founded Eton School was anything but happy. He ought to have been happy, for he was born on St. Nicholas's day. Henry the Sixth, "King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Heir of France," was born on December 6, 1421; but of all the unhappy kings that ever lived, I think this poor Henry the Sixth must have been one of the unhappiest.

Poor Henry's troubles began early. His father died when he was eight months old. The little king was crowned at Westminster when he was eight years old; and then they took him over to Paris and had him crowned King of France—for the English claimed France, too, in those days, and there was war all the time. But little good it

did Henry to be crowned King of France, for the French soon drove all the English out.

At home there was fighting, too, and soon the everlasting Wars of the Roses began. The poor king, who wished nothing so much as to be quiet among his books and to finish Eton College and King's College at Cambridge, which he was building at the same time, was made crazy by it all—and I don't wonder at it. He recovered his senses after two years, but it was not long before the rebels captured him and threw him into prison, and for five years there was another king. Then there came a revolution and Henry was king again, but only for a few months, when another battle ended all. He had time to hear that his son was dead and his wife a prisoner, and that everything was lost, and he died in the Tower of London, when Eton School, or Eton College, as its real name is, was thirty years old.

So you see, life was trouble, trouble, trouble all the time for King Henry. I don't wonder that he did n't like to have those first Eton boys come over to Windsor Castle very often; he knew very well

that Windsor Castle at that time was n't the place where people were happy. And when he did see any of the boys there, he generally gave them a little present of money and said, "Be good boys, meek and docile, and servants of the Lord."

I think that almost the only pleasure Henry could have had was in seeing the walls of Eton rising. From the windows and terraces of his castle he could look down upon the men at their work, and watch the progress of the buildings. He himself laid the foundation-stone of the col-

lege, and if King Henry could come to life and look down upon Eton from the great Round Tower of Windsor, and could see the brick buildings in the green gardens, and scattered all through the town,—the libraries, and the Upper School, and the New Schools, and the Mathematical Schools, and the head-master's house, and all the other masters' houses,—I am sure that it would take him a long while to decide just where he was.

I will tell you about the "collegers." When Eton was founded, there were to be a provost, a head-



ETON FROM THE PLAYING FIELDS.

lege, and he soon had quite a little army of masons and carpenters there, most of them at work upon the great chapel, which he meant to have larger and more magnificent than even King's College Chapel at Cambridge. But the chapel plans were changed after the king's death, and the Eton building is not nearly so fine as the Cambridge Chapel.

But one does not see at Eton to-day much that was built by King Henry's workmen—only the great chapel and a part of the hall where the boys dine, portions of some of the old brick buildings around the cloisters, and the Lower School, which formerly had above it the famous Long Chamber, where the seventy collegers used to sleep. But Long Chamber is now cut up into many rooms,

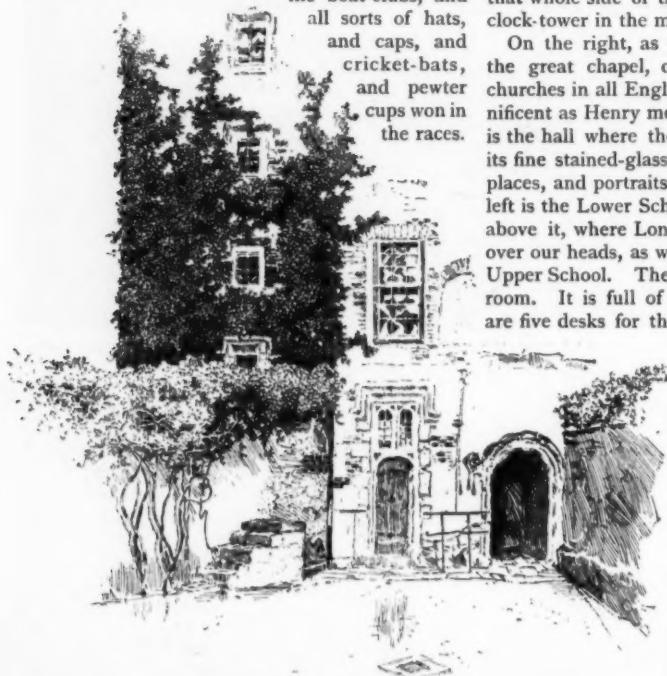
master, a lower master, who was called the usher, ten fellows, ten chaplains, ten clerks, sixteen choristers, seventy scholars, and thirteen almshouses—for, in those old times, they used to have a place set apart for the poor in almost all institutions. The almshouses at Eton were sick men who could n't work. They had to know the Lord's Prayer and the *Ave Maria* and the Creed before they could be taken in; and whenever they went out, they had to wear gowns. But the almshouse was done away with while Henry was yet alive; and now I believe the "fellows" have been done away with, too. The "fellows" were priests, who could spend their whole lives in study at the college, but who were not allowed to marry. They had



very nice rooms, and all that they had to do was to read prayers in the chapel, and to preach sometimes.

The seventy scholars were to be poor boys, of good character, not less than eight years old nor more than twelve when admitted, and were to receive their education and support from the college, free of charge. The seventy scholars were appointed by the provost and head-master of Eton and the provost and two fellows of King's College, Cambridge; but now they are admitted by competitive examination, and it is considered a very great honor to belong to the seventy. These seventy are the "collegers." The other boys, those who live at the school at their own expense, are called "oppidans." Of course there are ten times as many oppidans as collegers. Only the collegers have rooms in the old college buildings and dine in the hall. The oppidans live in the different masters' houses about the town. Every master has charge of thirty or forty boys, and every boy has a little room of his own. And very snug rooms they are, too, with the tables covered with books, and pretty things from home on the mantel-shelf, and the walls decorated with photographs and pictures of hounds and horses. And the School Almanac is sure to be there, and the rules of

the boat-clubs, and all sorts of hats, and caps, and cricket-bats, and pewter cups won in the races.



ENTRANCE TO THE CLOISTERS.

Latin and Greek have always been the great studies at Eton. Formerly, in fact, almost nothing else was studied—no mathematics, no geography except ancient geography, no chemistry, no physics. But all that is changed now. There is a science school at Eton, and a mathematical school also; music has taken the place of flogging, and there are teachers of French and German as well as of Latin and Greek. And the collegers are allowed to leave off their black gowns during play-hours now; until a few years ago, they had to wear them all the time.

I went to Eton twice while I was in England. We could see the great white chapel with its spires as we walked from Windsor; and the first thing that we saw when we went through the big gateway into the school yard was the statue of Henry the Sixth. It stands in the middle of the yard and is very much loved by the boys. Once, when practical jokes were abounding in the school, some of the boys, one dark night, carried off the scepter from the statue; but there was such an outcry among the boys at this insult to the memory of the founder, that the scepter soon came back in a box.

Across the yard, in front of us, beyond King Henry's statue, was the Provost's Lodge, filling that whole side of the square, and with the great clock-tower in the middle.

On the right, as you stand in the gateway, is the great chapel, one of the most magnificent churches in all England, though not half so magnificent as Henry meant it to be; and beyond that is the hall where the seventy collegers dine, with its fine stained-glass windows, and big stone fireplaces, and portraits of famous Etonians. On the left is the Lower School, with the collegers' rooms above it, where Long Chamber used to be; and over our heads, as we stand in the gateway, is the Upper School. The Upper School is a very long room. It is full of stools for the boys, and there are five desks for the masters, and great curtains which can be drawn to divide the long room up into small rooms. There are busts of kings and queens and statesmen all around; and the oaken panels of the walls are all cut up with the names of old Eton boys. In one very small space, you can see the names of Chatham, Howe, Wellington, Canning, Gray, and Fox. Fox cut his name in enormous letters. At the end of the Upper School is the head-master's room, a very handsome room, full of

pictures of Athens and Rome. Here the sixth form is taught, and here is, or used to be, the terrible "flogging-block."

But I think that the old Lower School, with its rows of rough, worn-out desks and benches, is even more interesting than the Upper School. Here, too, the windows and the posts are all cut up with the names of those who, in the old days, obtained scholarships and went up to King's College at Cambridge.

The great school yard is the center of everything at Eton. Perhaps a lesson is just over, and two or three hundred boys are gathered in little groups around King Henry's statue, making plans for the afternoon—all wearing their little black gowns and square caps with tassels on them. Or it is not quite lesson-time, and they are clustered in the cloisters under the Upper School. Or the chapel bell is tolling and the chaplains are hurrying across the square to say prayers. Or it is playtime, and the boys are pouring through the gate under the clock-tower, to cricket or "fives" or the river. Some of them have tall hats on and look to Americans like little old men.

We went through the gate under the clock-tower into the cloisters; and you may be quite sure we stopped in the corner to drink at the college-pump. All Eton boys are loyal to the college-pump; they think there is no such water as that anywhere else in the world.

The stairs to the Library lead from the cloisters in which the pump stands. There is another library in the new buildings, where all the boys can go and read; but this is the great Library.

"I suppose," said the old gray-bearded man in the library,—a tall, thin, old man, with a black velvet skull-cap,—after he had told us many things about poor King Henry, "that you Americans don't care much about our kings."

We told him that we cared a great deal about them, and wished they all had done such wise and good things as did Henry when he founded Eton School.

"The boys must have royal times here," I said.

"Indeed they do! Canning said once at one of the Eton dinners in London—Canning was one of the greatest of our Eton boys, you know—that whatever success might come in after life, and whatever ambitions be realized, no one is ever



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE ETON PLAYING FIELDS.

again so great a man as when he was a sixth-form boy at Eton," answered our guide.

"Did the boys have any games a hundred years ago?" I asked.

"Games! Why, they don't begin to have so many games at Eton now as they had then. And they used to have great times at the 'Christopher,' which was a famous old inn here in Eton. Dr. Hawtrey had it broken up and made into a house for one of the masters. Dr. Hawtrey was our Dr. Arnold, you know. Nobody could translate Homer like Dr. Hawtrey. He it was, too, who broke up Montem."

"Montem! What was Montem?"

"What, you never heard of Montem—Eton Montem?"

"Never!"

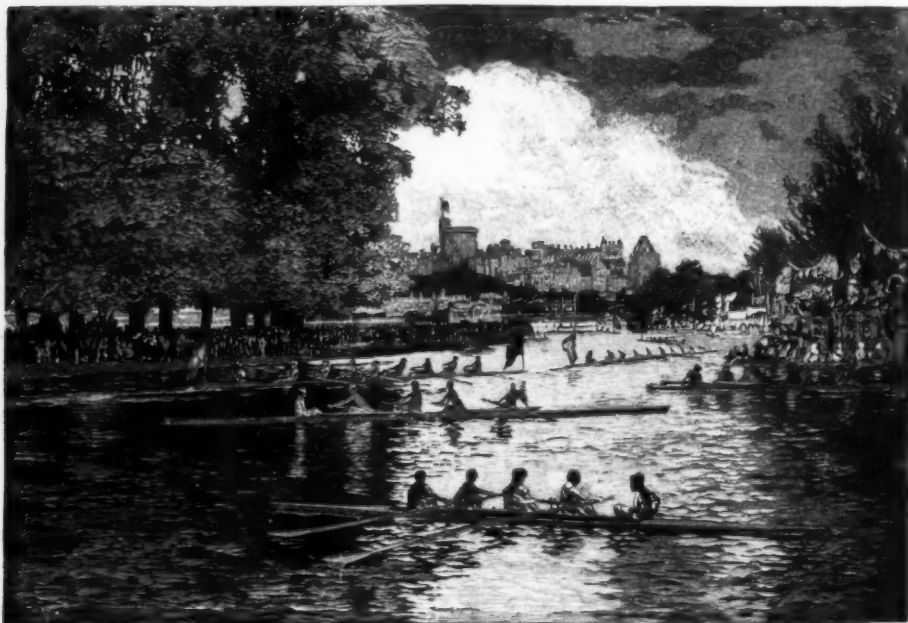
"Well, an old Eton boy would tell you that you might as well never have been born as not to know about Montem. Why, Montem was as old as Queen Elizabeth's time, and Queen Victoria was very sorry to have to consent to have it broken up. In old times it was celebrated every year, but later on only once in three years. The senior collegier was captain of Montem, and the next six collegiers were salt-bearer, marshal, ensign, lieutenant, sergeant-major, and steward. The captain of the oppidans was always a salt-bearer, and the next to him was colonel. The other oppidans in the sixth form were sergeants, and all the oppidans in the fifth form, corporals. It was a great thing to be captain of Montem; and then the captain sometimes made £1000 out of it.

"On the morning of Montem day, the captain gave a great breakfast in the Hall to the fifth and sixth forms. Then the boys marched twice around the school yard, the ensign waved the great flag, the corporals drew their swords, and the procession started through the Playing Fields to Salt Hill,\* in a long line, accompanied by two or three regimental bands. The officers wore red tail-coats, white trousers, cocked hats with feathers, and regimental boots; and the lower boys wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waistcoats and trousers,

the date of the year, and a Latin motto referring to Montem day.

"Everybody went to Montem. King George always used to go, and Queen Victoria went. There was always a 'Montem poet,' who dressed in patchwork, and wore a crown; and he drove about the crowd in a donkey-cart, reciting his ode and flourishing copies of it for sale.

"When the procession came to the top of Salt Hill, the ensign waved his flag a second time, and that ended the celebration; only the boys and the



THE JUNE PROCESSION OF BOATS AT ETON.

silk stockings and pumps, and carried slender white poles. But before this, long before sunrise, the salt-bearers and their twelve assistants had gone, some on foot and some in gigs, to their places on all the great roads leading to Eton, to beg 'salt' from everybody they met. Salt meant money; and everybody had to give them salt. George the Third and Queen Charlotte always gave fifty guineas apiece, and much larger sums than that have been given. The money all went to the captain of Montem, to help him pay his expenses at the university to which he was to go after leaving Eton. The salt-bearers carried satin money-bags and painted staves, and as receipts for the salt that they secured they gave little printed tickets with

visitors all went to the inns at Windsor for a big dinner.

"But when the railway was opened from London to Windsor, it brought down a very rough crowd to see Montem, so that it was no better than Greenwich fair. And then it broke into the boys' studies badly, and Dr. Hawtrey thought that it should better be stopped."

But how long we were staying in the old library, while the sun was so bright outside and the gates were all open to the green Playing Fields! Is there another place on earth so beautiful as Eton Playing Fields? We walked among the thick elms to the Sixth-form Bench, by the river; we sat looking up at the walls of the Castle and the

\*A little eminence on the Bath road, near Eton, where the demand for contributions was first made, and from which the name of Montem came — *ad montem*, "to the hill."

great Round Tower, and back at the brick walls of the school, with the white chapel rising up high above them; and then we walked in "Poet's Walk," and over the little old Sheep Bridge to the Cricket Field.

The Eton boys are great at cricket. The collegers used to play against the oppidans. At first the oppidans beat them badly, and they were so mortified that they put black crape on their hats, and hung them up in Long Chamber. But by and by they had a famous batter, whose name was John Harding, who made wonderful scores—once as many as seventy or eighty. He hit a ball from the middle of the Upper Shooting Fields, over the chestnut trees, into the Lower Shooting Fields—when you go to Eton, you can see how far that is. The collegers carried him back to the school on their shoulders, and the last bat he used is still kept as a trophy.

Every summer Eton plays against Harrow, at Lord's Cricket Grounds, in London; and there is almost as much excitement over the game as over the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race on the Thames. I went to see it when I was in London.

Then the Eton boys play foot-ball a great deal. And they have a game, which is n't played anywhere else, called "fives." I don't know much about fives. They used to play it in the school-yard, between the buttresses of the chapel; but now two regular fives courts have been built.

The Eton boys have splendid times on the river. They row up and down for miles, and sometimes have races with the Westminster boys. They used to have a gay procession of boats every June, and great crowds of visitors came to see it. The procession started at six o'clock; the boys all dressed in uniform, and the steerers in very bright colors, and a crowd of the boys would follow along the banks of the river, on horseback. No boy can go on the river unless he can swim, so almost all of the Eton boys learn to swim.

We found down by the river a jolly little round man, with a big, round, red face, and little, round, twinkling eyes. He was sitting there on the grass by the river, with his legs dangling over the bank. He told us a great many amusing stories about Dr. Keate and other masters, and about how the boys used to burn their Greek grammars in the yard, and let off fire-crackers behind the masters; and how they used to sing songs in the school-room, so that Dr. Keate would n't know who did it; and how the whole sixth form once "struck" and threw their books into the Thames. But the funniest stories were about the scrapes the boys used to get into when they went poaching in Windsor Park—for they used to do that, and sometimes were caught and locked up. One dark

night two of the oppidans had planned a fine excursion. One of them—he was afterward a cabinet minister of Great Britain—was getting out of his window very quietly, thinking he heard his friend below waiting for him.

"Is all right?" he whispered.

"Right as my left leg!" answered a voice from below, and the boy dropped into the arms of the head-master.

"You ought to have been an Eton boy yourself," I said to the little round man.

"Yes; I wish I had been. But they used to flog 'em terribly."

"I suppose they did," I assented.

"Why," said the little man, "Dr. Keate one time flogged more than eighty boys at once. They were fifth-form boys, and they had started a little rebellion against the doctor. So he had the tutors bring them to him, two or three at a time, after they had gone to bed, and he took 'em one by one; it was after midnight before he was through. Well, at last the old flogging-block itself was carried off. That was when Dr. Hawtreys was master. One morning—it was the day after a boat-race against Westminster—a lot of the boys were sent up to his room to be flogged; but the block was n't there, nor the birch, neither. Three of the boys managed to get the block out in the night, and sent it up to London. It was the seat of the President of the 'Eton Block Club' up in London for a long time. Nobody could belong to that club who had n't been flogged at Eton three times. The boys used to talk the flogging over in their debating society. They don't have such flogging any more."

And then the little round man told us about the Eton Debating Society and some queer things that have happened there.

"They used to call the fellows who belonged to the society the *Literati*," he said; "but they gave up that word long ago, and the club got the name of 'Pop'—I don't know how, but they called it 'Pop.'"

All the way back to Slough, and beyond, we could see, from the car windows, the long gray Castle and the great Round Tower, and beside it, among the trees, the red brick walls of Eton, and the tall white chapel; and the words of Gray's sweet poem kept running through my head:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring."

## A VISIT TO ETON.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

WHEN I was in Windsor I lived for a week in a little old house on the river bank; for, as you know, the Thames runs through the town. From my window I could see the tall, gray church with its many windows, and the red buildings of Eton College, topped with their battlements and tower.

When I went out, if I turned to my left, I looked up at the castle towering high above the town. Then I met red-coated grenadiers and fife and drum corps, and tourists with guide-books in their hands and field-glasses slung over their shoulders. But at certain hours of the afternoon, it seemed to me the only people on the street were a never-ending procession of young men and boys, all wearing tall silk hats. The more grown-up, who had on tailed coats, wore white cravats, as if they were so many young clergymen. The younger boys, still in jackets, had black neckties. These were the Eton "young gentlemen," as the townspeople call them. By their tall hats and ties you may know them, for these Etonians must never be seen without them, except on the playgrounds, or on the river, or on their way to these places. When a boy, after foot-ball or cricket, is late or lazy, he slips on an overcoat which comes down to his heels. Occasionally it flaps open and shows his knee-breeches and long stockings. But the collar is carefully pulled up, so that you can not tell whether or not it hides

a white tie. You often meet boys in this costume on the High street late on half-holiday afternoons.

The castle is at one end of the High street of Windsor, and the college at the other. After you

cross the bridge over Barnes's Pool, you come to the houses where the masters live and the boys board, and to the college buildings. If you pass through the low doorway in the latter, you find yourself in a large quadrangle or square, on one side of which is the chapel, and on the three others, school-rooms. In the center is the statue of Henry VI., who was the founder of the college. Beyond this square is another smaller one with cloisters around it, and a green grass plot lined with low bushes covering the open space, and here the "fel-



THE GREAT QUADRANGLE AT ETON.

lows" live. If you linger in the large quadrangle when the boys are going or coming from their classes, you will notice that some wear black gowns like those of the masters. I think these gowns



must all be made of the same length, no matter to whom they are to be given. For I have seen them almost trail on the ground when on short boys, while often they only reach the knees of taller students.

Those who wear gowns are "collegers," for whom the college was really founded. Until about the middle of this century, the collegers had a rough time. They slept in one large and three small dormitories in the building opposite the chapel and looking out on the large quadrangle. With the exception of a few older boys who were allowed chairs or tables, their only furniture was their beds. As they were without wash-stands or basins, they had, like Mr. Squeers' pupils, to wash at the pump. This, you must agree with me, was not pleasant, and so you will not wonder that once, as late as the year 1838, they went and begged the authorities to have water brought in some way into their dormitories. But their petition was refused, and they were told they would be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next! Their food was not much better. The only meal provided for them was dinner, which always consisted of mutton and potatoes and beer, which was rather monotonous. On one day in the year, Founder's Day, they had a feast of turkey. Henry VI. meant their dining-hall to be a very handsome building. But before it was finished there was so little money left that the workmen had to build the upper part of the walls with bricks instead of the stones with which they had begun, so that on the outside the hall looks like a piece of patchwork. Perhaps the same thing happened with the money for the collegers' expenses, for after their dinners were bought there seemed to be none for their other meals. Certain it is that they had to get their breakfasts and teas as best they could. It was said of them with truth, that they were not as well fed and lodged as convicts or paupers in an almshouse would be. And so it came to pass that even poor people hesitated before sending their sons to put up with such hardships, and the boys who were not collegers looked down upon them and would have nothing to do with them.

But it is very different now. Their buildings have been improved and enlarged. Forty-seven of the oldest boys have rooms to themselves. The

younger ones still sleep in the old hall, or Long Chamber as it is called. But wooden partitions reaching half-way to the high ceiling have been set up and they divide the hall into little alcoves



MASTERS' HOUSES AND THE CHAPEL FROM BARNES'S BRIDGE.

or stalls, so that every boy has a place to himself. In it he has a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers and his washing-stand, and he can be comfortable enough. At the end of the chamber is a large open space, used for "kickabout," or foot-ball practice, which is always going on during the winter term when the boys are not in school. When I went into Long Chamber, this space was full of paper coats and cocked hats of all sizes, such as small children delight in making. A master who was with me asked a bright young collier what these were for. "I don't know, sir," he said. "It 's the sixth form's work. They 've been at it for the last hour. I think it 's very babyish of the sixth form, sir, don't you?" But for all that, his respect for his elders was great enough to keep him from touching one of the coats.

Life in Chamber is very sociable. During the day the boys are out almost all the time, either in their classes or on the playgrounds. But in the evening after "lock-up," all the young collegers gather around the large fire at the end of the hall; for though there are fireplaces in the elder collegers' rooms, there are none in the stalls in Chamber. To this fire they bring their books, or lines, or verses, or whatever they may have to do; but when as many as twenty boys sit together over a cheerful fire, I wonder how much solid work is done! At a quarter to ten the captain, or head boy of Chamber, sends them all off to their stalls, and at ten, the sixth-form preceptor, or monitor, comes in to see that they are in bed. Of course they

have to fag for the older collegers. Sometimes when the fun by the fire is at its height, there is heard, from one of the rooms beyond, a cry of "Come here!" and then all have to run at full speed, for the last to arrive is chosen to do the work of fagging, whatever it may be. The young tyrants whose right it is to be waited on like to be as near Chamber as possible, that when they call they may be answered promptly. There are times when the fag is glad that he has a fag-master, despite all his hard duties, for it is his privilege to sit in the latter's room, and if he really wishes to study in the evening, he can thus escape to a quiet, warm place.

The collegers still use the old dining-hall, but the meals served there are not only better than in earlier days, but good and plentiful. A master lives in the house with them, and they are in every way treated like the other boys. Moreover, they must pass a very severe examination before they are admitted to college; so that it is thought a great honor and mark of distinction to belong to the collegers. A little of the old prejudice continues among smaller boys and new-comers, but it wears away as they grow older, and the collegers are to-day looked up to and respected.

The number of boys who pay for their education at Eton is greater than that of the free scholars. There were so few good schools in England in the old days, that boys were sent to Eton from all parts of the kingdom. They boarded in the little town, and only went to the school buildings for their lessons. For this reason they were called oppidans, which means town-boys. They boarded wherever they could be taken in, and the women who kept boarding-houses for them were called "dames." Finally, when they came in greater numbers, the masters thought it best to have the town-boys under their roofs for the sake of order.

During the day, and when not in school, the boys are very much their own masters. They can go and come as they please. But they must be in their houses, and then in their rooms by certain hours. Every evening the master calls over the names of his boys, at five o'clock in winter and at a quarter to nine in summer. He occasionally visits their rooms. And sometimes, if they are too noisy at kickabout, which in the houses goes on in the passages, he puts a stop to it. It is no wonder his patience is tried at times. Indeed, the boys themselves think there can be too much of this good thing. "Bother it! one gets tired of kickabout when it goes on without intermission after eight, after ten, and after four, against one's door!" said one.

But the master is not often obliged to come upstairs and call for order. The captain, who is the

boy highest up in the school of all those who board in the same house, is its real ruler. He is held in awe by the younger boys, and his word is law. The mere report that the captain is coming will quiet the most unruly. In the eyes of his juniors he is a much greater person than the master. Nothing usually pleases a small boy so much as to be spoken to on the street by his captain, while his schoolmates look on. He may be so embarrassed as not to be able to answer. But his pride lasts for many days. Indeed, he never forgets it. I know an Etonian, now a master, who can point out the very spot where he was so honored for the first time.

The captain and the older boys have fags whom they select from members of the Lower School. Fagging is not easy work at Eton. Fags not only have to wait on their fag-masters at almost all hours, to bring them water and to look out for their rooms, but they even have to cook for them. All the boys of a house take their dinner together, but excepting in two or three houses where a new rule has been made, every one has his breakfast and tea in his own room. And for these meals the poor fags are cooks and waiters. There is even a kitchen provided for their special use where they boil water, brew tea, and toast bread. Many heart-aches have there been in those little kitchens! Fancy a youngster just out of the home nursery, you might say, being set to making toast, when he knows as little about it as he does about Latin verses! And yet, if it is not all right, his fastidious master will take him to task with all the indignation of disappointed hunger and then send him off to do his work over again. But he grows hardened by degrees to this work, just as he does to verse-making, and in time can joke and laugh as he cooks. And if while he talks he forgets his toast and lets it burn, what matter? With a little experience he learns to scrape off the black with a knife.

Every oppidan has his own room, which he decorates to please himself. Whatever these decorations may be, he is certain to have in the most conspicuous place his foot-ball, cricket or boating cap, his house colors, a photograph of his boat crew, or cricket team, or foot-ball eleven, and always one, also, of all the boys in his house with the cups they have won at foot-ball, during the term, set out before them.

The classes at Eton are much the same as at other English schools. The sixth is the highest form, and then follow the other forms and divisions. So long as they are in the Lower School the boys do almost all their work in the pupil-room. At stated hours they study with their tutors, who then help them to prepare their verses, so that when they go to their masters their work is really done.

The day begins with "morning school" at seven in the summer and half-past seven in winter, and this hour is the most miserable of the twenty-four. Then comes breakfast, plenty of time being allowed for the fags, after they have waited on their masters and perhaps run for them to the "tuck" shops for extra delicacies, to wait on themselves. While they set the kettle on to boil the second time, the older boys stroll leisurely into the library, for there is one in every house, and read the papers, or else do one of the many nothings which young gentlemen in their superior position so easily find to do. Is it any wonder that the fags, who, unless they would starve, must go on cutting bread and butter, envy them? Next comes a twenty minutes' service in the chapel, to which all Etonians must go. At the end, they march out in regular order, first the collegers in white surplices, then the oppidan sixth form, and finally the oppidans of the lower forms.

After this, work begins in earnest with ten o'clock school, which lasts from a quarter of to half-past ten, and is quickly followed by eleven o'clock school. For two hours there is great quiet in Eton. When they are over, comes the "after twelve." Until two o'clock the older boys do whatever they like, but the unfortunate little fellows in the Lower School must go on construing and grinding out Latin verses in pupil-room. At two, however, when the dinner-bell rings, they also are at rest. They can at least eat their midday meal in peace, for they know that if the mutton is underdone they will not have to roast it the second time, that if a glass of water is called for they will not have to fetch it.

The "after two" is very short, afternoon school beginning again at three. The "after four," from a quarter to four to a quarter-past during the winter term, is quite a favorite time for a walk on the High street. If you happen to be out just then, you will see boys in every shop in deep consultation with tailors and bootmakers, making appointments with photographers, looking over books, or more often in the confectioners', eating pies and sweets. The fags, too, are on duty again and are marketing for their fag-masters. As "lock-up" in winter is at five o'clock, the boys have a long evening in the house. This they spend sometimes in studying, but, as a rule, in doing whatever best suits them. But you must not think, on this account, these are always idle hours. There are many prizes outside of the regular course for which the boys compete, and then—another great reason for study—all those who distinguish themselves in their school work are, like the great cricketers and oarsmen, looked up to as the "swells" of the college. There are, besides, the house debating socie-

ties and the great school debating society called "Pop,"—to which so many famous Englishmen belonged in their Eton days,—and literary societies and magazines; and altogether any Eton boy, who chooses, will find more to do than he has time for.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are half holidays, and then there are no studies in the afternoon. After twelve the boys have nothing to think of but amusement. And this, if you could see Eton with its beautiful shady playgrounds and the river winding through them, would seem to you not difficult to find. The only interruption to their long afternoon is "absence," or the calling over of names in the great quadrangle. No one has ever been able to explain why a ceremony at which all must be present is called "absence." But stranger still, now and then when the boys assemble at the appointed hour they are told there is to be no "absence," and they say there has been a "call"! Of course the boys never know beforehand whether it is to be "absence" or a "call."

The first "absence" is at three o'clock, and the boys must come in their uniform, so that after-dinner games can not very well begin until it is over. If you want to know what "absence" is like, imagine a square, open place with old buildings all around it, four masters in gown and cap standing by the wall in four different places, while one thousand boys all in tall hats and some in gowns rush in and out, and laugh and talk. Every one as his name is called takes off his hat, many waving them well in the air, so that the master may be sure to see them, if, because of the noise and confusion, he should not hear their answers.

During "absence," a præpostor stands by the master. A præpostor is a monitor, and there is one for every form. Every boy in turn holds this office for three or four days at a time. It is his duty to take the names of all who do not answer at "absence," and find out afterward why they were not present. There are also two sixth-form præpostors, one for the collegers and one for the oppidans, who are appointed every week. If the head-master wants to speak to or reprove a boy, he sends for him by the sixth-form præpostor. In Dr. Keate's time these sixth-form præpostors were the busiest people in Eton, for Dr. Keate thought a course of flogging the best education the boys could have, and so was always sending for them.

After three o'clock "absence," there is a rush for the playgrounds. Tall hats and black coats and trousers are exchanged for caps and flannels. The sheep which have been grazing peacefully all the morning in the sunny green fields beat a hasty

retreat to the shade of the Poet's Walk, and the place is alive with boys. In the Christmas half they come for foot-ball. Their field game is much the same as that played by all boys in other schools, and out of them too. But they have besides what they call the "wall game." This is peculiar to Eton, and is so old that no one knows when it was first played, and so difficult that it is almost impossible for those who have not had some practice to understand it. The collegers are usually the best players, the older among their number teaching the younger boys as soon as they come to college, while oppidans rarely learn until their last years at school. The playing fields are separated from the road by a high brick wall,

for one party to crush the other against it. After perhaps five minutes of this struggle, the ball came out from under the feet of the players, and then one boy seized it and threw it toward a large elm-tree at a little distance from the wall, and upon which was a chalk mark. This was one of the goals, the other being the door in a garden wall opposite. The next minute the ball was brought back again, and the pushing recommenced. Sometimes the players fell on top of one another, and those nearest the wall were knocked so close to it that they would have been seriously hurt had they not been prepared for this rough treatment. Three men on each side, who were always stationed close by the bricks, wore



FOOT-BALL AT ETON. "A WALL MATCH."

against which this game is always played, the captains of the teams being called keepers of the wall. I saw a very exciting match between the collegers and a foreign team one October morning during the "after twelve." When I first looked at the wall, all I saw was a mass of figures pushing and struggling together, as if the object of the game was

padded jackets and leggings, and close hoods which covered their heads, and even their ears, and were tied under their chins. Two masters were umpires. The first put the ball into the bully, and so great was his interest that he forgot all about his fresh, yellow kid gloves, and in they went among the muddy boots. The second was a quite

elderly man with gray hair, but he was equally interested, and crouched close to the ground near the players, to see that the ball was not kicked from under the feet of the man who held it down. The great wall match of the year comes off on St. Andrew's Day. Then the field is crowded not only with boys and masters, but with people from the town, and even from London; and there is sure to be a row of excited Etonians perched up on the high wall, from which they have a capital view. This match is between the collegers and the oppidans, the latter looking very gay in their orange and purple, and the former less bright in their Quaker-like mauve and white. But quiet as they look, you may depend on it they will attract the more attention before the game is over, for they are almost always sure to win.

The different houses play the field game against one another for cups, and against the masters; while a picked eleven of collegers and oppidans meet outside teams. Every house has its own colors, while those of the great field eleven are red and blue. One part of the Etonian uniform, which you are sure to notice, is the long scarf which every boy wears around his neck and underneath his outer jacket, the ends dangling between his legs. But this he takes off when he begins to play.

Fives, though played all the year around, may be called the game of the Easter half, for it is the principal amusement of this season, when, consequently, it is not easy to get a court unless one engages it some hours beforehand. Though now common enough in other schools, fives is as peculiar to Eton as the wall game of foot-ball. It was really invented by Etonians. They used to play it between the chapel buttresses. Afterward, when they put up regular courts, these were built as like the old playing places as possible, and even a projection in the buttress, which made the game doubly difficult, was copied. This projection is known to all fives players as the pepper-box.

But the two greatest amusements of all are those of the summer half—boating and cricket. Indeed,

the summer half is one long season of delight. Studies go on, of course, but they become of secondary account, and the great object of school life seems to be to excel in the cricket-field or on the river. Every boy has to choose between the two

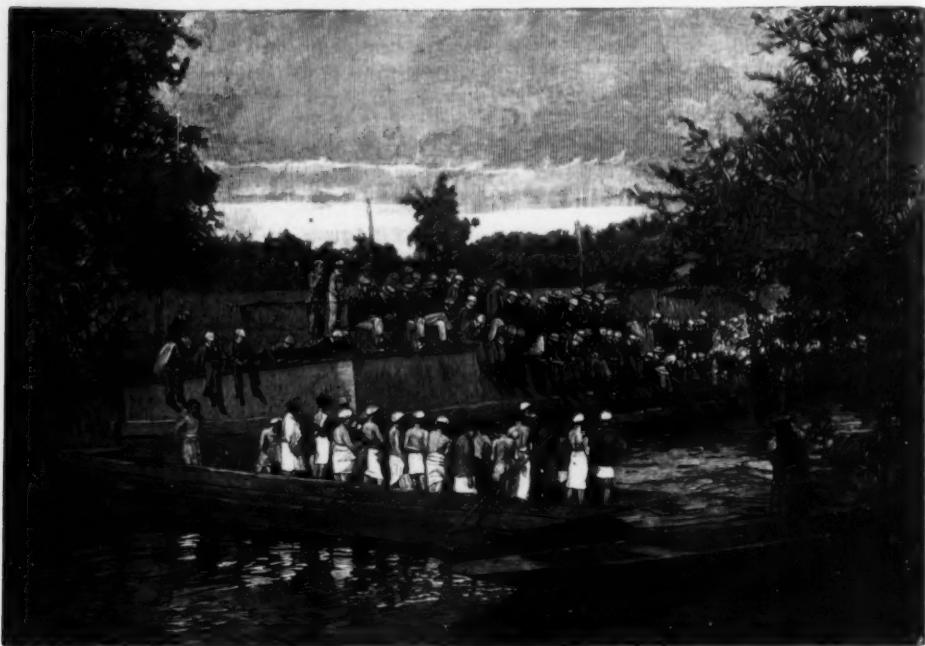


THE ORIGINAL ETON FIVES COURT BETWEEN THE BUTTRESSES OF THE CHAPEL.

sports. English boys are as serious at play as at study, and they will not spoil their chances of becoming either a really good cricketer or good oarsman by trying to be both. It is considered an important moment when an Etonian decides whether he will be a "dry bob" or a "wet bob."

If he decides for cricket, he is made at once a member of one of the cricket clubs, of which there are several, every one having its own field called by its name. These clubs are the "Lower Sixpenny," for boys in the lowest forms; the "Upper Sixpenny," for those in the lower fifth form; the "Lower Club," to which any boy who has reached the middle division of the fifth form can belong; the "Middle Club," composed of older boys who are not very good cricketers; and the great "Upper Club," to which none are admitted but the champions of the school, which is so respected by the masters that its members are excused from six o'clock "absence," and, in order to save more time, is allowed to have tea in the Poet's Walk. It is given all these privileges because it is its duty to keep up the reputation





THE EXAMINATION IN SWIMMING AT ETON.

of Eton for cricket. Every year there are matches between Eton and Harrow, and Eton and Winchester. Etonians and Harrovians meet at Lord's Cricket Ground in London, a beautiful large field which, when it was first used for cricket, was really in the country. But since then houses have been built up around it, and it is now in that part of London called St. John's Wood. The match comes off in the early part of July, when the gay season is at its height. Everybody goes to it. The head-masters and masters of both schools and old Harrovians and Etonians with their families, from gray-haired grandfathers to little fellows just out of skirts, who already look forward to the days when they too will be great cricketers. And you see officers and grave members of parliament, and old ladies and pretty young girls sitting in drags and carriages, all as excited and eager as the players themselves. There is a grand stand for Harrow and another for Eton, and almost all the lookers-on wear the light blue or the dark blue ribbons. Every one stays all day, and the lunches they have brought with them are unpacked and eaten on the grounds. And greater enthusiasm you have never seen! Whenever a boy makes a big hit or a fine catch, there are great

shouts of applause from his party and hisses from the other. And when the match is over, the winning side seize the boy who has made the most runs and lift him on their shoulders and carry him around the field in triumph, just as the Rugby boys carried Tom Brown. Harrow and Eton have had fifty-nine matches since they first began to play together. Of these Harrow has won twenty-four and Eton twenty-five, the others having been drawn games; so you see they are close rivals.

The match with Winchester boys comes off one year at Winchester and the next at Eton. It always takes place late in the spring, when the trees and grass at Eton are at their greenest, and the sun shines softly on the old time-stained buildings. The flannels of the players and the gay dresses of the ladies who come to look on fill the field with bright color. The river runs close by, and the towers and battlements of Windsor Castle rise far above it in the distance. If you were to see Eton then, you would say there could be no lovelier place the world over. What need of "absence" on these days? For what boy would stir from the grounds until he knew whether or no the light blue of Eton was victorious? Indeed, the masters seldom break up a match by forcing the

boys to leave their game to be present in the quadrangle at three and at six. Even Dr. Keate, the great boy-flogger, whenever there was a cricket-match, called their names in the cricket-field.

The "wet bobs" have their boats down by the bridge, over the river, where it crosses the High street. All of the "wet bobs" have to know how to swim, and many, before they are allowed to get in a boat, go through a thorough training under the direction of a regular teacher. There are, of course, many boating crews, just as there are cricket clubs, and only the best oarsmen row in the races with the other schools. On half-holidays the boys can go out after three. But the hour they love even better is the "after six," when they start with the sun low in the west and come home in the cool of the soft English twilight. But perhaps best of all is when on half-holidays they are excused from six o'clock "absence" if they will promise to row as far as Maidenhead. I do not think they find it a very hard condition. It is little enough to pay for six long hours on the river, winding with it between meadows and pleasant woody places, and meeting the many shells and punts, and row-boats, and steam yachts with which in spring and summer evenings it is sure to be crowded.

The most exciting race of the year is at Henley, when they row against other schools, meeting among them their rivals at cricket, the Westminster boys.

But the day of days is the Fourth of June. Then the "wet bobs" all turn out in full force, and have a gay procession of boats on the Thames. This

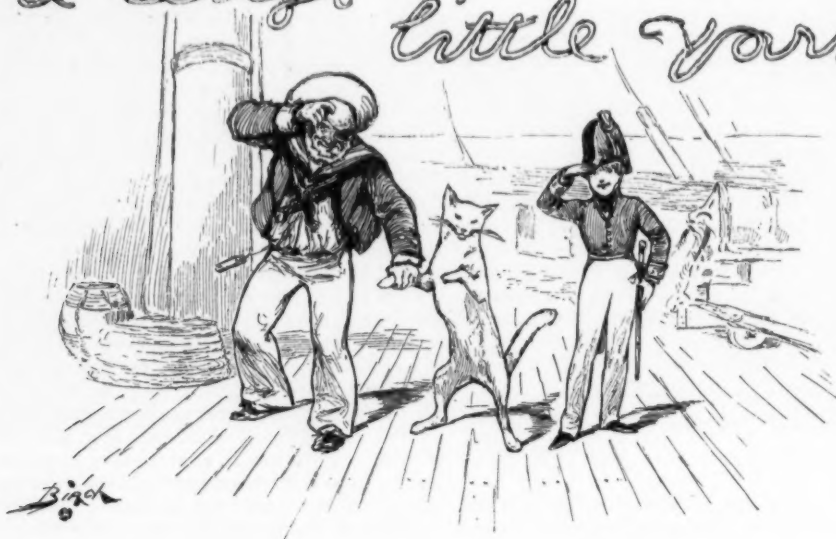
is an old, old custom. At first the boys wore the most extravagant dresses, so that it looked as if they were having a fancy party on the water. Every year they changed their costumes, each new set trying to outdo the last. But in 1814 a regular uniform, much the same as that now worn, was adopted. This was, for the boys in the upper boats, blue cloth jackets and trousers, striped shirts, and straw hats decorated with artificial flowers and the name of the boat. The only difference for the boys of the lower boats was that white jean trousers were worn instead of blue cloth. The coxswains of the boats went on wearing fancy dresses for some years longer, but at last they also gave them up for the cocked hat and uniform of naval officers. Dr. Keate, though he pretended to know nothing of these processions, always had "lock-up" a half an hour later on the Fourth of June; and Dr. Goodall, who was provost for many years, used to say he wondered why his wife invariably dined early on that day, and ordered her carriage for six. But now the headmasters and the other masters go to see the river parade, and more people come from London than for the cricket match, and the banks of the Thames about Windsor are lined with spectators. The boys are reviewed, and then they toss oars, and away they go amidst great applause, and up the river as far as Henley, where they have a supper of duck and green peas, to which they have been looking forward for months as the best part of the fun. And then there are fireworks and a brilliant illumination, and for the time being, everything at Eton but play and pleasure is forgotten.



THE "TORTURE CHAMBER."

# THE GALLEY CAT

*a tough little yarn*



BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

OLD Bob, the sea-cook, late at night,  
Sat by the galley-fire's warm light,  
And talked to the little midshipmite  
Of this and that.  
There was nobody there to set him right  
But the galley cat.

He loved her much, for all she could do  
In the way of speech was a well-meant "Mew";  
And old Bob said that he always knew  
What she meant by that.  
"She never says what I say aint true,  
Don't the galley cat!"

"Well, neither do I," said the midshipmite;  
"Come, Bob, we are all by ourselves to-night;  
Now, spin me a yarn, and, honor bright,  
And certain, and flat,  
I'll be just as quiet and just as polite  
As the galley cat."

"You'll not say, 'You've give us that before,'  
And you'll not say, doleful, 'Is there much more?'  
And you'll not break out, and laugh, and roar,  
For I can't stand that!  
She never calls me an old smooth-bore,  
Don't the galley cat.

"So, if you'll be just as civil as her,  
Or as near as you can, without the purr,  
And not rub me the wrong way of the fur,—  
There's a deal in that,—  
I'll spin you a first-class yarn, yes, sir,  
Of that self-same cat.

"'T was a pitch-dark night, in the Indian seas;  
The wind was blowing a stiffish breeze,  
And we were n't exactly taking our ease,  
You may bet your hat;  
We were rolling about the deck like peas,  
All but the cat.



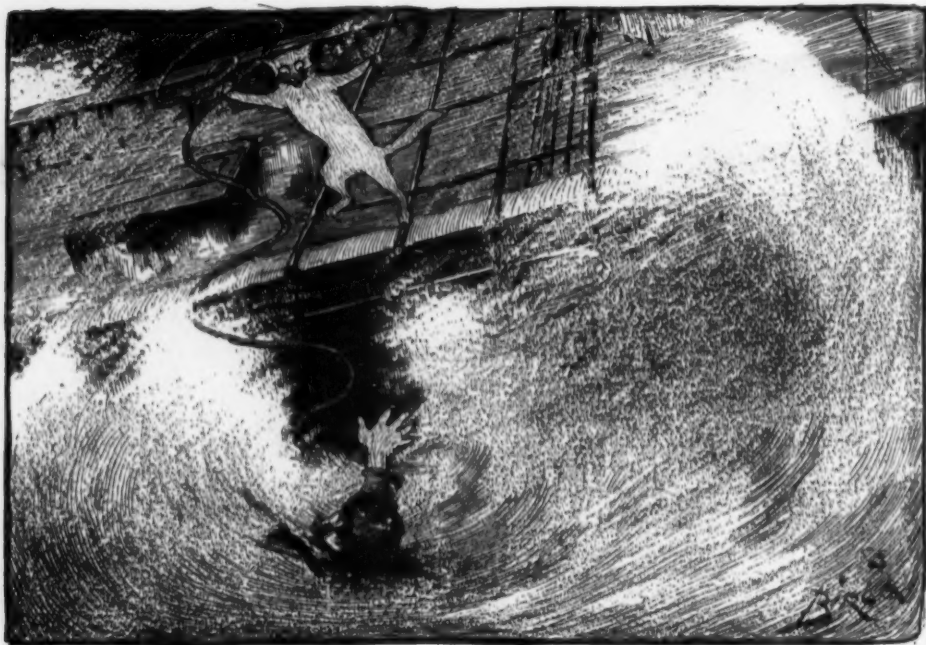
" But you need n't think she had gone below  
 Because of the racket above; oh, no!  
 She did n't mind a bit of a blow,—  
     She was used to that.  
 She 'd a corner on deck where she 'd always go,  
     Had the galley cat.

" A body with half an eye can see  
 That she 's most especially fond of me;  
 She follows 'round wherever I be.  
     So there she sat,  
 With one eye on the men and one on the sea,  
     Did the galley cat.

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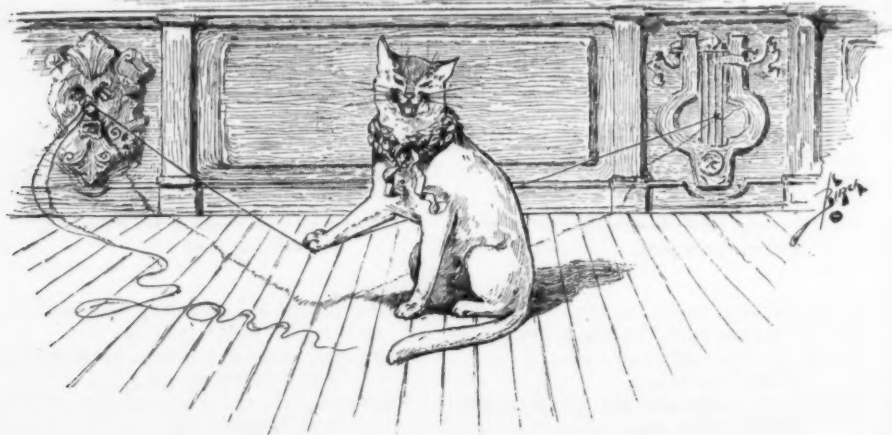
" Now, I 'll not go wasting the time to tell  
 How it came about that I slipped, and fell  
 From the mast to the raging sea, but—well,  
     I 'd have drowned like a rat  
 Before they 'd so much as rung the bell,  
     But for that there cat!

" What did she do? She flung me a line!  
 I could see her yellow eyeballs shine,  
 As she sat in the stern-sheets, wet with brine,  
     And I steered by that;  
 She carried the end to a friend of mine,  
     Did the galley cat;



"And he hauled me up—but I make no doubt,  
If he had n't, *she* would 'a' pulled me out.  
For she knew right well what she was about;  
She warn't no flat.  
But you ought to have heard the sailors shout  
For the galley cat!"

"She—flung you a rope?" gasped the midshipmite,  
As if he could n't have heard aright,  
"I'll *not* say anything impolite——"  
"You stick to that,"  
Said Bob; "Can't you even trust your sight?  
Why, *there's* the cat!"





## A CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY.

(Concluded.)

BY ROSE LATTIMORE ALLING.

THE girls were on hand again in the afternoon, but this time the air was as sweet as it had been disagreeable the day before.

"It seems silly to put so pretty a thing in a drawer out of sight, does n't it?" asked Madge, sneezing, as she sifted the heliotrope powder into a dainty bag.

"No," Nellie said; "I think it is lovely not to have everything for show. Sachet bags are like secret virtues, I suppose;—not that I have any of the latter myself," she added with a laugh.

"Oh, by the way, how is your secret charity coming on?" asked Floy indifferently, her whole soul absorbed in tying a small bow of blue and pink ribbon.

"Finely, I thank you; but it is so secret that even you shall not know it, my dear," replied Nell.

"Have you really unearthed some thankless recipient of your wealth?" questioned Madge incredulously.

"You don't have to dig so deep as you think before finding all that could be desired in the way of poverty," Nell said evasively. "But, girls, you need n't try to find out my plan, which is a very small one indeed, for I sha'n't tell you anything about it; at least, not until I find out whether I think the experiment pays. So far, I like it." And Nell stitched away defiantly, as though she momentarily expected the girls to laugh at her.

But they did n't, and instead of deriding, Floy said kindly, "I believe I envy you, for I am almost cross over these everlasting presents; and the necessity of getting something for Belle Nash is the last straw."

"Well, I've broken that straw," Nell remarked, snipping off some silk as though the action illustrated the summary way in which she had disposed of the question.

"Why, have you finished your present for her already?" exclaimed Floy.

"Not at all. I mean that I am not going to give her a present." And Nell's scissors snapped quite savagely.

"But she has something for you, and probably surmises that this little bird has told you so," objected Madge.

"Very well; if she is disappointed, it is her own fault, not mine," declared Nell.

"But it will be so awkward," Floy suggested.

"It will be more awkward to keep up the ex-

change, year after year. Somebody will have to stop some time, and I'm going to stop now before I begin: is n't that bright of me?"

"Yes, Nellie, it is a brilliant thought," said Floy; "and I believe I'll follow your shining example."

So, with a great deal of laughter over their talk, and a great deal of sneezing over their work, the afternoon faded into the cold gray of early twilight, and once more Nell stood alone at the window—this time not idly, but eagerly watching the little lamp-lighter.

It was as she thought—bare hands, no overcoat, no scarf. Nell peered at him as he came running toward the house, and then she called her mother to the window.

"Here comes the boy I was telling you about, Mamma. Look at his clothes. Would n't it be dreadful to have Alf dressed that way in this weather?"

Mrs. Hildreth looked, and said with a mother's pity: "Yes, that is too bad, Nellie dear, and we must do something for the boy. To-morrow we will see what we can find among Alf's things; clothes that Alf has out-grown will probably fit the lad. I'm glad you discovered this chance of doing something for somebody else."

"Discovered?" Nell repeated gravely. "The chance has been here under our eyes twice a day. I'm only learning to see a little. But, Mother, I wish to give something. I have a grudge against myself and I wish to do a little by way of atonement."

Mrs. Hildreth patted her daughter lovingly, and suggested that after they had made up a package of what they had in the house, Nell could add whatever was lacking.

When Alf appeared, puffing and blowing and as hungry as a bear, Nell waylaid him on his way to beg the cook to have cakes for supper.

"Did you find out anything?" she asked eagerly.

"Find out anything? Rather! I found out how to make a full-fledged American eagle on the ice," he answered wickedly, trying to escape from her firm grasp.

"No, no, bad boy! you know perfectly well what I mean—anything about the little lamp-lighter?"

"Oh, fudge! What made me forget that? But

see here, Nell, you must give a fellow time. I'm a hard-worked man, I am," he pleaded, with a droll whine in his voice.

Nell knew his tricks too well to be deceived by this fraud of his; so she only retorted, laughing, "Poor fellow, earning your daily cakes—but *could n't* you let out part of the job of skating all the morning and coasting all the afternoon? It does seem too much for a frail reed like you!"

Alf laughed, and darting into the kitchen to tell Maggie to "make a lot of 'em," he re-appeared, remarking, "Well, now, what is it you want to know?—Oh, yes, I remember! You wanted me to find out how much toboggans cost. Well, I did. I love to accommodate you. Real whoppers, big enough to hold you and me and another fellow, cost—what! is n't that it?"

Nell walked serenely toward the door, wise enough to know that she would gain nothing, and only gratify Alf's inveterate mood for teasing, by showing any annoyance.

"Oh, come back!" he said, relenting. "Let me see—oh, the gentleman who illuminates the highway!—Yes, now that I think of it; I called around at his apartments to-day, and presented my lady's compliments."

"What about him? Do be quick, Alf!"

"Well, milord lives, so to speak, away down on Hickory street, and he is the son of poor but dishonest parents."

"Really?"

"Well, his father is a shady old party; but his mother moves in the society of a broom and scrubbing-brush in down-town offices."

"Alf, you're a darling!" exclaimed Nell.

"Tell me something I don't know already," he responded saucily. "I was about to say," he added, "that I inquired at the banks, and at the best tailor shops, but failed to find his name at either, so I suspect he's worse off than the Man without a Country." Then, seeing Nell's distressed look, he continued in a different tone: "Yes, Nell, honor bright, I should freeze dressed in his clothes; and his father is a good-for-nothing, who mends umbrellas when he's sober; but his mother is good for as much as she can possibly do."

"How did you find out all that?" Nell demanded admiringly.

"I asked him."

"Whom?"

"The boy himself."

"You did n't!"

"I did."

"Why, what *did* you say?"

"I said, 'Hullo!'"

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Hullo, yourself!'"

"How did you manage to find him at all?"

"I just waited on the sidewalk until he came along."

"But, Alf," said Nellie, still a little worried for fear her impetuous and not always discreet brother either had been rude or had raised the suspicion of the boy, "what excuse had you for speaking to him at all?"

"Well, you see, I was just skating along the sidewalk, not noticing him, you know, when, all of a sudden, I came within an inch of tripping him up, as I accidentally on purpose lost my balance. Was n't that rather neat?"

"Beautiful! Go on!" cried Nell delightedly.

"Well, the next thing for any fellow to do would be to say 'Hullo!' so I said it. And the proper thing for the other fellow to say then is 'Hullo, yourself!' and he said that, as I told you."

"Oh, do be quick! What next?" asked Nell.

"Why," said Alf, "I told him that the ice was so rough that I guessed I'd have to give up skating; and he said the ice on the canal was 'prime.' And then I asked him to let me see if I could light the next lamp as quickly as he did. So he gave me some matches, and I kicked off my skates and trotted along with him. Of course when he saw I was a jolly one, he thawed; and when a fellow thaws, you can get almost anything out of him."

Alf chuckled, while Nellie said, enthusiastically, "I declare, you did it very cleverly!—Well?"

"Well, in the course of our remarks," said Alf,

"I found out that he had no skates, and had n't time to use them if he had, excepting on moonlight nights. For he works all day at opening the big door down at McAlpine & Hoyt's; only, on short winter days, his little brother takes his place when it comes time for him to light the lamps."

"Down at McAlpine & Hoyt's," mused Nell.

"Why, I never thought about all those boys, cash-boys and door-boys; they've always seemed almost like wax figures. Then I can see him myself, when I go to get something for him at that very same store."

"Get something for him!" repeated Alf, opening his eyes wide.

"Yes, that's my secret," said Nell; "and you are uncommonly good to do all this for me without knowing why I wanted to find out about him."

"It was a strain," he sighed; "but what are you up to, Nell?"

"Why, Alf Hildreth," said Nell; earnestly, "do you know that that boy has to turn out the gas on these pitch-dark, freezing-cold mornings, when you are fast asleep, as snug as a bug in a rug?"

"Perhaps it's somebody else," Alf suggested.

"But it is n't!" answered Nell. "I woke up

this morning at half-past five and saw him with my own eyes." And she looked triumphant.

"Jingo!" exclaimed Alf. "That's rather rough, I must say. We'll find him stuck like an icicle in a snow-drift one of these days!" And Alf now seemed sufficiently impressed to satisfy Nellie's sympathetic heart.

"No, we'll not—for you and I, Alf, are going to fix him up as warm as you are; that is, Mother is going to give him some of your old clothes, and I am going to add whatever else is necessary."

"But if he is a proud chap, it will make him angry to have a lot of my old things," Alf objected, yet all interest.

"But he is n't to know who gives them—that's the secret!" said Nell. "On Christmas Eve, you and I are going to tie the things upon the lamp-post, where he will find them. Wont that be fun?"

Alf expressed only partial satisfaction with the plan, again objecting that some other early bird would get the worm.

"I did n't think of that," and Nell drew her brows together. "Then we must get up very, very early. Would n't that do?"

"Perhaps. But then if you tie 'em to the post in front of our house he'll suspect who put 'em there," said Alf.

"That's so!" said Nell. "Oh, Alf, how clever you are when once you stop teasing and give your mind to anything! Now think out how to meet this new difficulty."

Alf stuffed his hands into his crumby pockets, walked to the window and whistled "Over the Garden Wall."

"I have it!" he presently said, slapping his knee as though enjoying a joke. "We'll tie the duds to the next lamp-post, the one in front of skinflint Salmon's house. Nobody would ever suspect him of giving away a cent, and Jimmy will be all at sea!"

"Who is Jimmy?"

"Jimmy? Why, he's your boy," said Alf; adding, "Oh, did n't I tell you? You see, on my trip down the street, in my new office of lighting lamps, another boy called out to your boy, 'Hi, Jim! how you vas?' So, on my way back, I interviewed *that* boy, and found out that your boy's name is Jim Walden, and all about his father and mother. I tell you, I feel like a successful private detective."

Nell patted him on the back, assured him she should require his services again, and hurried into the dining-room with him.

These plans had matured so rapidly, that as yet Nell had had little time to think how she felt in her new guise of "good girl"; but she was conscious, as she started on positively her last shopping expedition, that there was an added interest

to this very interesting world, and, as she neared the great swinging door of McAlpine & Hoyt's, that it really was a very interesting world indeed.

Ah, there he was, pulling the door open in a wooden sort of way! She supposed he had always been there; she had never noticed; somehow the door always swung away for her; she had never thought how it happened. On that particular morning, it was snowing hard, and she had carried her umbrella; and as Jimmy was putting it in the rack, and selecting a check to give her in return, she had an unusually good chance of getting a look at him. Yes, it was as she thought; he was thin and under-fed, his clothes were too small for him, and poor in quality at best, his trousers so worn that the original material was scarcely visible for the patches; his shoes were old.

"Why," Nell thought, "Alf got out *his* rubber boots this morning. Jim shall have rubber boots!"

She was gazing at him with pity and determination in her eyes, when she became conscious that he was holding out toward her the little brass check for her umbrella.

"Oh, thank you!" she said, recovering herself, and stepping on into the store.

Jim looked wanly surprised at this civility, while Nell sped down the aisle to the shoe department, where she felt rather queer as she gave the order: "Boots for a boy of about thirteen, I think."

Next, at the gentlemen's counter, she picked out a pair of wristlets and mittens, glancing uneasily about her, for she had agreed to meet Madge at ten o'clock at the ribbon-counter, and she did n't wish to be discovered making these surreptitious purchases. When she had added three pairs of warm stockings, she gave her address, to which the goods were to be sent, and hurried away with a sense of relief that now, as her purse was absolutely empty (the boots not having entered into her previous calculations), the perplexing question of whether to get this or that, or blue, or olive, or pink, was over for a whole year. And thus it happened that when Madge arrived, she found a very impecunious and yet very contented girl awaiting her.

When Mrs. Hildreth added her collection, Nell was astonished at the size of the pile. There was a complete suit that Alf had outgrown; a warm overcoat, cast aside for the same reason; a telescope cap, that could be pulled down over the ears; a pair of shoes, and some underwear.

"Whew!" commented Alfred. "Why, you'll have to tie the lamp-post to the bundle! Let's see if you have n't left some of my things in the pockets!" And he proceeded to rummage, but in so awkward and embarrassed a manner, that Nell kept a suspecting eye upon him, and so plainly

saw him slip something *into* a pocket; but she discreetly looked away again, just in time.

Alfred evidently had made some donation on his own account, and was so ashamed of having done anything in the least like the sweet little boy he had so often read about, that it made him actually cross to think of a possible resemblance; so that he "evened up" by scolding about having to get up so early.

"Dear me!" thought Nellie; "he really must have made quite a sacrifice to feel at liberty to be so cross about it afterward."

But when Alf had marched off, with a great show of cold indifference to the whole performance, Nell just peeped into the pocket of the vest, where she found a little, heavy, hard, round package marked "for skates," which, she concluded, contained dollar coins.

"Dear old boy!" she said to herself, her eyes shining, "he shall be as cross as two bears, if he likes! When he is trying so hard to save for a toboggan, too!" And then she wrapped the whole collection in a stout paper, and tied upon the outside a big card on which "Merry Christmas, Jim Walden," was written plainly.

Alf went to bed early, but Nellie was kept awake until quite late, doing up and labeling her other gifts. Still she heroically set her alarm clock for half-past four, and promised to arouse her brother in time to have him put the bundle in its place before Jim came around.

Nell awoke with a start and looked at her clock. Horrors—it was two minutes after five! What could be the matter with the alarm? With a sickening feeling of disappointment she rushed to the window and looked out. Yes, it was too late—the lights were going out down the street. She looked regretfully toward the lamp-post, where the bundle should appear—and could she believe her eyes? A great bundle *was* hanging from one of the outstretched arms! In tingling perplexity she rushed to Alf's room. There he was, snugly tucked in bed, and apparently fast asleep; but she gave a little shiver of mingled cold and joy as her bare foot brushed against a suspiciously damp rubber boot.

"Alf, Alf! do wake up! Merry Christmas, Alf!" Nell exclaimed, giving her brother a vigorous shake; but he only turned over, muttering sleepily. "Let me alone! it's the middle of the night! What are you talking about?"

"Oh, Alf, do get up! I saw the bundle there all right, and Jim is coming!"

But Alfred showed no further sign of life, so Nellie hurried down the hall without him, wrapping herself in a big blanket as she went.

How cold and crisp the white world looked! The stars were keeping their faithful watch over this as they did over the first Great Gift, and even the gas-jet just above the bundle seemed to shed a brighter radiance than the others.

Nellie pressed her face close against the window-pane as a slender figure came zigzagging up the street, and yet closer as it came nearer.

"Boo! this is a colder morning, or night, or whatever-you-may-call-it, than they usually make, it seems to me," exclaimed Alf, suddenly appearing at her side.

"Oh, good! I was afraid you'd miss it," whispered Nell, as Jim came opposite the house. "But how did you manage about the bundle and the clock?" she asked. "I was dreadfully frightened at first."

"A little trick of mine," replied Alf. "You see I woke up, and wondered what time it was; so I went to look at your clock, and found that it was just twenty-five minutes past four. I thought it would be a shame to wake you for nothing, and I set the alarm half an hour ahead, threw on some duds, ran over and hung up the package, and then came back and crawled into bed again to get warm. But I think I need clothes more than Jim needs them at present; this bed-spread is rather thin."

"Oh, Alf! What if he should n't see it?" exclaimed Nell.

"Give him an opera-glass," replied her brother.

"He must be almost frozen," said Nell. "And see how quickly he is up and down again!"

Jim was speeding along as though wolves were after him, and as these two shivering spectators stood close together watching, he flew along to the very post in front of skinflint Salmon's—up—up—and out went the light!

"Oh," gasped Nell, "he *did* n't see it!"

"S—h! He is n't jumping down, though," said Alf; "he's striking a match!"

They could just see him hold the flickering splint close to the bundle; then out went its feeble light. But he soon struck another, and this time relit the gas, and clung to the post, hugging it while he took a long look at the card.

"Oh, now he knows it's for *him*!" said Nellie, breathlessly.—Yes, now it dawned upon the poor little chap that *he* was "Jim Walden," and that a real Christmas, if not a merry one, was beginning.

Holding on with one arm, he swung out to take a look around. There was no one in sight—only the silent houses, the untracked snow, half the street dark, the rest spotted with light. He did not know that two pairs of eager eyes saw him jerk the string loose, tear a small hole in the paper just to make sure it was no joke, then clasp



"HE CLUNG TO THE POST, WHILE HE TOOK A LONG LOOK AT THE CARD."

his treasure, turn out the light, slide down,—bundle and all,—take a rapid tack up to the next post, to the next, to a third and a fourth, until at last they lost sight of him in the snowy distance.

The great relief of Christmas day had come, with its happy open secrets. The three girls were again together, and with unburdened minds and untrammelled tongues were telling all they had known or did know about everybody's presents.

"Oh, Nell!" broke in Madge, "what came of your scheme of giving a present for sweet charity's sake?"

"Well, that was rather a failure," answered Nell, peering into a pocket of her new cardcase, and then admiring anew the silver monogram on it. "Yes, that did n't turn out as I expected." And now she laughed outright. "You know my plan was to give something where I could n't possibly get a return, but I did get something back again—something out of all proportion to my small outlay."

"Something back again!" both exclaimed, half catching the hidden meaning in her words.

"Don't poke fun at me, girls," she resumed, with a warning quaver in her voice; "but if you only knew the immense amount of happiness and peace of mind I got for four dollars and a quarter!"

Nell could think of no adequate ending to her sentence, so she broke off with a mere exclamation point in voice and face; while Madge said, with her eyebrows disappearing up under her bang, "Why, what under the sun did you do?"

"Wait," Nellie laughed, going to the window. "Wait a few moments, and I'll show you."

The day was shading off into the twilight, as the girls crowded close together—two of them to see they knew not what. Nell's quick eye soon spied a muffled form come into sight around a corner. Her heart gave a throb—but—why! it was Alfred, running toward home, and firing snowballs at everything as he came.

Nell secretly wondered if he had hurried on purpose to see Jim pass; evidently not, for he slammed the front door and she heard him making his noisy way toward the back part of the house.

The girls begged to be told what they were to look out for, but Nell only shook her head in denial, talking about other things, while she nervously kept her watch, until—there he really was! tramping comfortably through the snow, snug and warm, rubber boots, double-breasted coat, telescope cap, mittens and all.

Nellie's explanation to the girls was a short one, but they went home feeling that somehow her Christmas had been merrier than theirs.

Nell was sorry that Alf had missed the fun of seeing the transformation, and was going in the direction of the dining-room to search for him, when he came flying in through the kitchen door shouting: "I say, Nell, did you see him?"

"Oh, Alf, why were n't you looking?"

"Looking!" exclaimed Alf. "I was gazing, spellbound! Did n't he look fine? Bless if I did n't think at first that it was I myself going along!"

"Where were you?" Nellie asked with round eyes.

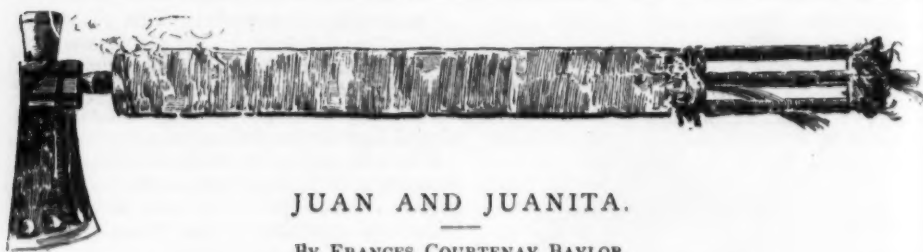
Alf put his hand to his mouth and whispered loudly, "In the coal-bin! I intended to meet him on the street, but at the last moment I was afraid I'd smile too loudly, so I thought I'd better skip in behind the cellar window!"

Nellie laughed, Alf laughed, and then they both laughed until Alf suddenly asked in sepulchral tones:

"I say, Nellie, are n't you afraid we'll die young?—we're so very good, you know!"

And those two silly, happy conspirators laughed again.





## JUAN AND JUANITA.

BY FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR.

### CHAPTER III.

THE fourth year of their captivity found Juan and Juanita well-grown, strong children, perfectly healthy, as rough and as tough as the cubs they had stolen from a bear, and almost as wild and brown. If the consuming desire of their mother's heart could have been gratified and she could have seen them, she would certainly never have recognized her fair, refined-looking children in these young barbarians, who were hardly to be distinguished from their Indian playmates; and if Don José (himself now an ancestor) ever looked down on the last representatives of the ancient Maria Cruz de las Santas family, he must, indeed, have been shocked at their appearance. It was well that the Señora, their mother, did not see them. She would have been afflicted by a thousand things to which they had grown quite accustomed, which they had, indeed, ceased to regard as evils. Her children were now as dirty, as daring, as tattered and as nondescript in costume, as any Comanche of them all, and were, consequently, in high favor with the tribe. It is not wonderful that the little captives preserved few of the habits and traditions of their country and family. Little remained to them of the religious teaching they had learned at their mother's knee, and that little was only remembered when they were in great straits. Their Spanish was growing quite rusty from disuse. Gentleness and politeness were not fashionable traits in the society in which they found themselves, and as for cleanliness—well, as the ancients knew, dirt is "a painless evil" to all children, who, in this respect, are natural savages; and the poor little Cruz de las Santas, if they had been ever so much inclined to be dainty, would have found such refinements as baths, soap, and brushes, quite out of the question.

One thing they had not lost, and that was their love for their mother. This was their salvation. Without it, they would have become part and parcel of the tribe into which they had been adopted. The vine-clad *hacienda*, the garden, the flocks, all the features of their old life had grown misty

and unreal to the children; they had become interested to a certain extent in their actual surroundings, and they enjoyed the free, wild life they were leading. But even when they were most contented, the thought of their mother kept alive the wish to return to civilization; her sweet face and tender love were still clearly mirrored in their hearts and minds. They loved to talk of her, of what she had done and might be doing, of her sadness and loneliness, and of the joy that would be hers when they returned. Yet it is probable that they would have deferred any attempt to carry out this haunting vision for so long that they would have lost all desire to carry it out, but for an occurrence that looked on the surface like a mere accident. Juan and Casteel, who had never been friends, got into a violent quarrel one day, about some game that the former had shot and the latter had seized. It ended in Juan's getting a beating, and on his complaining to Shaneco of his wrongs, he received neither redress nor satisfaction.

This fanned the boy's latent discontent into flame. Infuriated by Casteel's taunts and cruelty, and by the apparent indifference of Shaneco,—whose only intention was to make his ward duly submissive to his elders, and to maintain tribal discipline,—Juan lay awake all that night, indulging in the most furious and revengeful thoughts, and trying to make plans for punishing his enemy. But with the morning light came enough soberness to show him the folly of pitting himself against Casteel. In the fit of disgust that followed, the memory of his mother's affection and indulgence naturally came back to him with redoubled force, and he determined to make another effort to escape from the Comanches as soon as possible.

Having made this resolve, he was eager to communicate it to Juanita. She was overjoyed to hear it, and agreed to everything that he proposed. Innumerable conferences followed between them, and both began to prepare in earnest for the undertaking.

"Oh, if we only had horses!" she said to him one day when they had been discussing ways and

means. "We could gallop and gallop and gallop away so fast!"

"Horses! Nonsense!" said Juan, who knew the unerring certainty with which, should they make the attempt on horseback, their foes would take their trail, and in a few hours, at most, recapture them. "We must leave on foot and at night. I don't want horses, but I must have a bow, and I mean to get one, Nita. I have thought of a plan. You will see!"

In about a week, Juan's preparations were complete; and seeking his sister one morning, he found her watching a game of hunt-the-slipper, which with certain variations and additions is extremely popular among the Indians, and is played by old and young. On this occasion two braves were absorbed in it, and there was a ring of interested spectators looking on. Eight moccasins were spread out on the ground in front of a young warrior, who took a bullet in his right hand and passed it swiftly under the soles of the moccasins, above and around them, until he contrived to drop it into one, unperceived. His opponent was then required to guess where the bullet was. If he failed, he paid a forfeit; if he succeeded, he gained the prize. Each had a pile of blankets, buffalo-ropes, and other things beside him, and they had been playing for hours, while two old warriors squatted down near them rattling dried peas in a gourd, and keeping up a droning chant that was utterly hideous and discordant. When Juan joined the lookers-on, the situation was exciting, although no noisy demonstrations showed that the Indians felt it to be so. A very handsome Mexican blanket was the prize, and Casteel was taking a great deal of time to consider the important question that would decide whether it should be his or not.

"Can't you see where it is? Where are your eyes, you bat?" said Juan tauntingly, after a long silence.

"Where is it, my fox? Tell me that, and you can take this, the best blanket I have," Casteel scornfully replied, laying his hand on one that was partly visible under a buffalo-robe, and pulling it out into full view.

"It is under the flap of the third moccasin," said Juan, whose quick eye had noticed a very slight bulge on the inside of that shoe. It was the one nearest to Casteel, and was skillfully chosen by his adversary on the principle that the best place to conceal anything is immediately under the nose of the person who is looking for it. Casteel gave a disdainful grunt; and, on hearing it, Juan stooped down and drew forth the bullet, saying triumphantly:

"Here it is! Give me my blanket!"

The spectators shouted. Casteel drew his knife by way of reply, and the next moment Juan's knife also flashed in the sunlight. But this time Shaneco upheld Juan, and made Casteel yield the blanket in dispute to the boy, who seized Juanita by the arm and hurried her away to the woods.

"I have a blanket now," he said to her joyously, when they were out of earshot, "and a flint and steel and some punk, to kindle our fires, and some fish-hooks and a little corn and a wallet of dried meat. I am all ready. What have you?"

For answer, Nita ran to a hollow stump, tore away eagerly the leaves that apparently filled it, and brought back a supply of dried meat that she had saved, together with some nuts and other things that Juan rejected. Then they had a long talk, in which it was settled that they should leave that night just before midnight, when the moon would be rising; that Juan was to keep awake and give Nita the signal by laying his hand on her face; and that, once out of the Indian encampment, they would travel south-west until daylight, and then hide until night came again.

"I have found out where Mexico is," said Juan. "I pretended to Mazo" (a playmate) "that I thought it was due north, and quarreled with him about it, and he told me not only the direction in which it lies, but a great deal beside that he has heard from the braves. Was n't that sharp of me? Don't you be frightened, Nita; I will take care of you. You can just go to sleep to-night, and I will call you when the time comes."

The weather was warm and pleasant, and the Indians were sleeping in the open air without shelter of any kind, so that it was not a question of stealing away from Shaneco alone, but from all the tribe. When Juan and Nita lay down as usual, side by side, near their protector, they were so excited that it seemed easy enough to stay awake any number of hours—all night, indeed. But when two hours had gone by, and the perfect stillness all around had soothed and overcome their restless anxiety, the healthy child-nature prevailed and little Nita's eyes would not stay open any longer; soon her soft, regular breathing told Juan that she was fast asleep.

He kept awake, however, a long time after this, listening to every sound, wondering if the people about him were awake or asleep, thinking impatiently that the moon would never rise. From this his thoughts wandered to the journey he was about to take, and to a thousand other things. Shaneco's huge figure became more and more indistinct, and a cricket chirped in Juan's very ear now without rousing him. He seemed to be wandering over a wide, wide plain; he forded streams; he was lost in the woods; he fled from the Indians, who were on

his trail, whose wild yell sent him up into a sitting position. In short, he, too, had slept; and when he could collect his senses, he found that the yell of his troubled dream came from an owl that had perched in the tree above him, and had given him the friendly warning he needed



"DO YOU SEE THAT LARGE, BEAUTIFUL STAR?" SAID JUAN.

so much. He was about to get up, knowing that there was no time to be lost, when the voices of two or three Indians reached him and warned him to be cautious. They were talking and jesting about the owl, and it was quite half an hour before all was quiet again. Another time, just as he was thinking of starting, old Shaneco turned over, and another interval of impatient waiting had to be endured.

At last it seemed to Juan that the moment for departure had come. He had no difficulty with Juanita, for the owl had aroused her, too, and she was wide awake, waiting in fear and trembling for the signal agreed upon. Juan gently pressed her hand. They both sat up and looked about them. The camp was as quiet as the grave. Only the south wind gently rustled in the tree-tops, and carried a few dead leaves around in a miniature whirlwind, a few feet away. Every creature about them was wrapped in profound sleep. After some moments of keen scrutiny of the dark forms dimly visible on all sides, Juan looked at Nita and pointed to the east, where the stars were paling and a faint, green flush admonished him to be off before a flood of golden light was poured over every part of the valley. They quietly arose. Juan stepped lightly to the old chief's head, stretched out his hand, and took down the long-coveted bow and quiver. At last it was his! According to the Comanche code, he was doing nothing disgraceful; on the contrary, he was behaving in a very creditable manner. Nevertheless, Juan's naturally generous and affectionate nature made him feel some compunction when he glanced down at the unconscious Shaneco, and remembered that the old brave had always been kind to him. But a bow he must have, and what a beauty this one was, to be sure! As he was about to move away with it, a lizard that had crept into the quiver jumped down and scampered off across the grass. Shaneco muttered in his sleep, turned over on his back, and threw one arm up over his head. Juan was terribly frightened, but he had the presence of mind not to move or make any exclamation. He kept perfectly still and held his breath, but his heart beat so loudly that he thought it must betray him. As for Juanita, she shook like an aspen-leaf; but she did not cry out, nor run away. After a moment, Juan stepped noiselessly back again. Seeing his own bow and quiver at his feet, he picked them up and gave them to Juanita, who slung the bow around her neck. Then he seized his wallet, and picked his way carefully between the sleeping warriors that surrounded them. Juanita followed closely, and when they were nearly out of camp, he took her cold little hand in his to re-assure

her. Just then a warrior coughed, and both started as though they had been shot. But nothing came of it, and they were soon skirting the wood where all their councils of war had been held, taking advantage of the dark shadows it cast in some places, and noticing with alarm that the tops only of the trees were now glistening in the moonlight, which meant that it was very late and that they must make all possible haste.

As they scurried along in the uncertain light, they fully realized that they had deliberately defied one of the most warlike and merciless tribes that this continent has ever held in all its length and breadth; and as Juanita looked back fearfully over her shoulder from time to time, she imagined that she saw pursuers in every bush and tree, and even urged Juan to go back before their flight was discovered.

But, once outside the camp, his courage had risen, and he stoutly refused to do anything of the kind. He took his bearings by the stars, and resolutely set his face toward Mexico, talking as boldly and cheerfully as he could all the while.

"Do you see that large, beautiful star in front of you, Nita?" he said. "We shall always travel toward it, for that way lies our home. Our mother is there waiting for us, and we must go to her, no matter how far it is, or how many moons it will take us to get there. Are you still trembling? You must n't be such a coward. We have a good start, and by the time the Indians find out that we have escaped, we shall be far, far away, and they will not overtake us. And if they do, I will not let them hurt you."

Juanita was not particularly re-assured, but she said nothing, and they walked on rapidly in silence for some time. The wind blew deliciously fresh, and full in their faces; the moon had slowly died out of the clear heavens, and in the east the light had deepened, gradually, until all the sky was a miracle of beauty. Yet, if the fugitives looked often toward the sunrise, it was with no appreciation of its exquisite tints of rose and gold, but because the day of probable discovery and recapture seemed to be coming all too fast. They had been traveling about an hour, and, urged by love and fear alike, had put considerable distance between themselves and the camp, and Juanita was even beginning to feel hopeful, when suddenly they heard a dog bark. It sounded so near that they thought the Indians were already upon them, and, in a dreadful fright, took to their heels and ran like lapwings for a time, until, indeed, from sheer exhaustion they were obliged to stop. But even in this race for life, Juan remembered one of old Shaneco's lessons, and, whenever he could do so, chose the dry, rocky bed of a creek for his path, in order that their trail

might be lost, or only found with great difficulty, after much loss of time.

At last, panting and quite spent, they stopped to get their breath, encouraged by the thought that they had outrun or baffled their pursuers. As soon as possible, Juan pushed on to a range of low hills, from one of which he began to reconnoiter his position. He saw in the distance a valley through which ran two dark lines made by live-oak and elm trees. The one that led off to the south followed the course of a large creek which he knew lay in his way, and for which he had been on the lookout; so he cheerily explained to Nita that he knew exactly where he was, and that he should make a bee-line for the creek, and there they could rest and hide themselves until the following night.

Very soon after this, they came upon a small water-course, and had not to wait for a drink until they got to the larger one, for they had followed its dry bed but a short distance when they spied a deep water-hole. Eager to quench their thirst, they raced up to it, stooped down, and began to drink, but were again startled by a loud barking and howling, and other strange noises, so close to them that all their terrors were renewed for a moment. The next instant, Juan recognized the howling of a gang of coyotes, which was answered by a loud chorus of gobbles from a number of turkeys roosting in the trees above the water. Great was their relief; yet these sounds, sure indications of the approach of day, reminded them that they must press on. The imperative necessity of finding some hiding-place forbade their resting, and they hurried along the bed of the stream, walking altogether on the stones, until they came to the place where it intersected the main creek, into which they turned. The coyote concert still continued, and to the turkey chorus was rapidly added other sounds, such as the hooting of owls, the twitter of song-birds, and the chirp of insects. Possessed more and more by fear of their pursuers, as the sun rose higher and higher, the children ran on with all their speed, glancing to the right and left as they went, to see if they could find a place that seemed likely to shelter them—two desperate, hunted little creatures.

Finally, Juan came to a spot where a little brook emptied into the main creek, and there, a few hundred yards distant, was an immense oak-tree in full leaf, its friendly limbs stretching out far and wide and dropping low, as if eager to offer them an asylum. Juan had never heard of the royal fugitive who once fled to the heart of an oak for shelter, but he had often hidden in one for amusement; and he now turned into the brook, ran up the bank, clambered upon the lowest limb, gave Nita

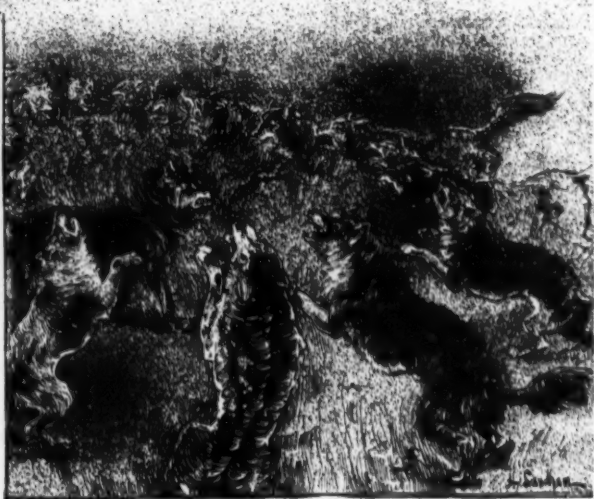


JUAN AND JUANITA ARE SERENADED  
BY COYOTES.

his hand to help her up, and was soon ensconced in a fork or, rather, juncture, of several large limbs with the trunk. This spot he made more comfortable by wrenching off some branches and small dead limbs, and improvising a sort of rustic sofa. Now, at last, completely concealed as they knew themselves to be by the dense foliage, they could draw a long breath in comparative safety. Only comparative safety, for the fugitives knew that the wonderfully trained sight of their enemies would soon find some clew as to the direction of their flight, and that they would be tracked with all the cunning and the almost supernatural sagacity in woodcraft which the Indians possess.

They strained their eyes and ears for a long while after this, looking and listening, but saw nothing, and heard only the gentle sighing of the leaves about them, the gobble of a turkey, the howl

of a coyote. They were very tired, but did not dare go to sleep. While thus concealed, awaiting further developments, they had the novel pleasure of assisting at a concert to which no one is ever invited, and which a hunter may consider himself lucky to attend once or twice in a lifetime. This was one of the coyote symphonies of which I have spoken, and a droll performance it was, although conducted with great formality and deliberation. About twenty wolves, which constituted the troupe, grouped themselves on the sward beneath the tree. When the proper time came, their leader gave out one low, sad note, as if to command attention, very much as the conductor of an orchestra raises his baton and looks about at the musicians under his authority. At once the other wolves, all facing the leader, gathered around him in a circle. Then one wolf opened with a tenor howl of piercing quality, he was joined in regular succession by the basso, contralto, soprano, alto, baritone, and so on until the whole pack was in full cry, every performer apparently giving his whole mind to his own score, and all keeping



time by jumping up and down on their forefeet, with their noses lifted high in the air. These were familiar strains to Juan and Juanita; but it was one thing to hear them while safe in an Indian camp, and quite another, when out alone



in the woods. Nita grew pale when she heard the unearthly, long-drawn howls of the wolves below her, answered by a prolonged, wailing note from a lonely old coyote in the distance, and shrank close to her brother's side. But they soon had the satisfaction of seeing the pack slink off, after finishing the programme for the occasion.

And now the wearisome excitement that Juan and Juanita had undergone began to make itself felt. The relaxation of the moment, their weariness, the murmur of the leaves about them, all combined to make them drowsy, and finally both fell asleep. They were awakened by a well-known voice that filled them with dread, and made them certain that they had been followed and their hiding-place discovered. And so it had been; but by a dear and faithful friend instead of a cruel enemy—in short, by Amigo! Missing them in the early dawn, he had taken their trail unobserved by the Indians, and had unerringly followed them to the foot of the oak. Puzzled by the sudden end of the trail, he began to whine, and gave a few short barks and a great fright to the children. He knew that they could not be far off, but where? As for them, when they found that he had organized an independent search of his own, they were delighted; for they had been feeling very lonely and desolate, and that honest, loving face was a cordial to their hearts, and seemed to bring them fresh hope and strength. The next moment came the thought that if he were to begin barking again, it would certainly attract the attention of the Indians, if any were in the neighborhood. Juan parted the leaves, looked down, and spoke to Amigo in a low, stern voice; and if ever a dog laughed, from Mother Hubbard's time until now, Amigo laughed when he saw those two faces—for Nita, too, peeped out.

"It will not do to stay here now," said Juan. "We must leave this at once. Amigo would betray us, and they would look first along the principal water-courses. We must go over to that ridge."

So saying, he dropped to the ground, followed by Nita. They could hardly control Amigo's joy at seeing them again on solid earth, but Juan quieted him, and the trio started off briskly for the high land, which they soon gained, and from which they had an extensive view. Long and anxiously did they gaze across the plain to see if they could discover any signs of pursuers. For a long while they saw none, and rejoiced accordingly; but at last Juan's sharp eyes made out some moving objects on the distant hills—mere specks.

"Buffalo, wild cattle, or Indians," he said, putting the worst supposition last in mercy to Nita, whose teeth were chattering already in a nervous

chill. "We must put some thickets between us and them. Come on!" And starting off on a run, Juan fairly flew over the ground. Nita kept up with him for some time, and Amigo frisked cheerfully ahead as if out on a pleasure excursion; but the little girl gave out at last, and stopping short, she burst into tears, exclaiming piteously:

"Oh, we shall be taken! We shall be killed! Oh, why did we ever run away?"

Impatient as Juan was to go on, he too stopped, and did his best to console and encourage his sister; and his kindness and affection had a great effect upon her. The sun was now high in the heavens; its heat added another distressing element to their flight, and they were, moreover, suffering from hunger and thirst.

"There, there! don't cry, *Hermanita mia!*" said Juan. "A few minutes won't matter. We will just stop and get our dinner, and then we shall be able to travel for hours again. This way!"

So saying, he turned off to the right and made for the creek again.

The season had been a very dry one, and he knew there was no water to be had except in the large streams, and there only in standing-pools, that were either fed by springs from below or were too deep to be affected by droughts. A cool drink is always to be had from them, if you understand how to get it; for even when the water on the surface is so hot as to be sickening, it is possible to bring up a deliciously cold draught, by putting a canteen on a long pole and running it down quickly to the bottom, where the sun's rays can not penetrate. The Indians use vessels made from the skins of wild animals for carrying water oil, and honey; and nature has provided them with an admirable substitute for canteens in the Mexican gourd with its two globes connected by a long, narrow neck. It is a curious fact that this gourd is found only in the countries where it is most needed. In the absence of either gourd or canteen, our runaways had recourse to mother-wit. Juan approached the water very carefully, avoiding the sand and all other places where his footprints could betray him; and kneeling down by a deep, still pool, he fell to running his hands down into it as far as possible, and throwing the water up toward the top, thus creating a current from the bottom, that soon gave them a fairly cool and refreshing drink. He had taken pains not to spill any water, and had carried Amigo in his arms over patches of ground where the marks of feet might put the Comanches on their track. When they all had fully slaked their thirst, Juan led his little band on up the bed of the creek, intending to take them back to the hills again and let them rest a little and eat something. They did not move a moment too

soon. They had only passed the main trail that ran up and down the creek a short distance, when they heard the sound of horses' feet, and, soon after, voices. Now, indeed, they knew that they were in great peril, for they had been told that if they ever attempted to escape again, and were captured, they would be killed. Juanita fell into an ague at this crisis, but managed to keep up with Juan, who darted on up the creek, panting out at intervals, "We must be out of sight before they get to the crossing." They had scarcely reached a hiding-place before the Indians rode down into the bed of the creek. There were fifteen of them, all armed with bows and arrows and lances. They were about four hundred yards away, and, as Juan could see, had stopped, either to hold a council, or because they had made some discoveries.

The Indians soon determined what course to pursue. Eight of them rode up the bank; four rode down the creek; and how Juan's heart leaped into his mouth when he saw the other three turn their horses' heads up the creek, with Casteel's painted, hateful face coming first! Fortunately, Juan was not only a courageous lad, but he had the peculiar order of bravery that grows cooler and more collected in time of great danger, and is full of inspiration and expedient.

He did not lose his head in the least. Nita had fallen on her knees and was repeating, under her breath, such prayers as came to her. Amigo was crouched down beside her and seemed to understand the gravity of the situation and Juan's sternly whispered command to be quiet. Juan, as he peeped between the bushes, was a living incarnation of two senses, sight and hearing. They had been so hard pressed that they had sheltered

themselves behind the first clump of bushes they could find; but Juan knew that they were only partly hidden, and only safe until the Indians turned the bend of the creek and came in full view of their covert; then Casteel's keen eyes would be sure to penetrate the scattering foliage



"THEY KNEW THEY WERE ONLY PARTLY HIDDEN, AND ONLY SAFE UNTIL THE INDIANS TURNED THE BEND OF THE CREEK."

that intervened. Desperate maladies require desperate treatment. Juan gave a swift glance to right and left, saw that the curve of the bend was a long one, told by the sound that the Indians were walking their horses, and took a bold resolution.

"Come!" he said suddenly to Nita; and to her terror and amazement, ran out of his hiding-place

and sprang again into the bed of the stream, it seemed to her, in the very teeth of their pursuers! Whatever noise they made was drowned by that of the horses' feet, and the banks of the stream were high enough to hide them from sight. On they sped. Juan knew that a break in the bank, a trampled weed, a stone freshly displaced, a footprint, the slightest appearance of anything unusual would be detected, and that detection meant death. But he did not lose his self-possession for an instant. Luckily, the rock beneath his feet told no tales, though it echoed and re-echoed the tramping of the horses in a way so alarming that it seemed to Nita's excited imagination as if they must be ridden down any moment. At last, Juan saw with joy what he wanted, and instantly took advantage of it. It was an old tree that had probably been undermined by some freshet and was now lying prostrate. Upon this trunk he ran like a squirrel to the top of the bank. Nita followed, and dear, good Amigo did not let so much as one paw touch the earth. The three disappeared in the undergrowth beyond, leaving not a trace behind, just as the Indians made the turn that would have proved fatal to the fugitives. Obeying a natural impulse, the children ran swiftly away from the creek for a few minutes, and then Juan caught Nita's arm and bade her stop. She was glad to do so, for she was utterly spent and terrified nearly out of her wits.

"It wont do to leave the river-bottom; we may

run upon the other party if we try to gain the post-oak woods," said Juan. "We must keep still awhile and let Casteel's party go on."

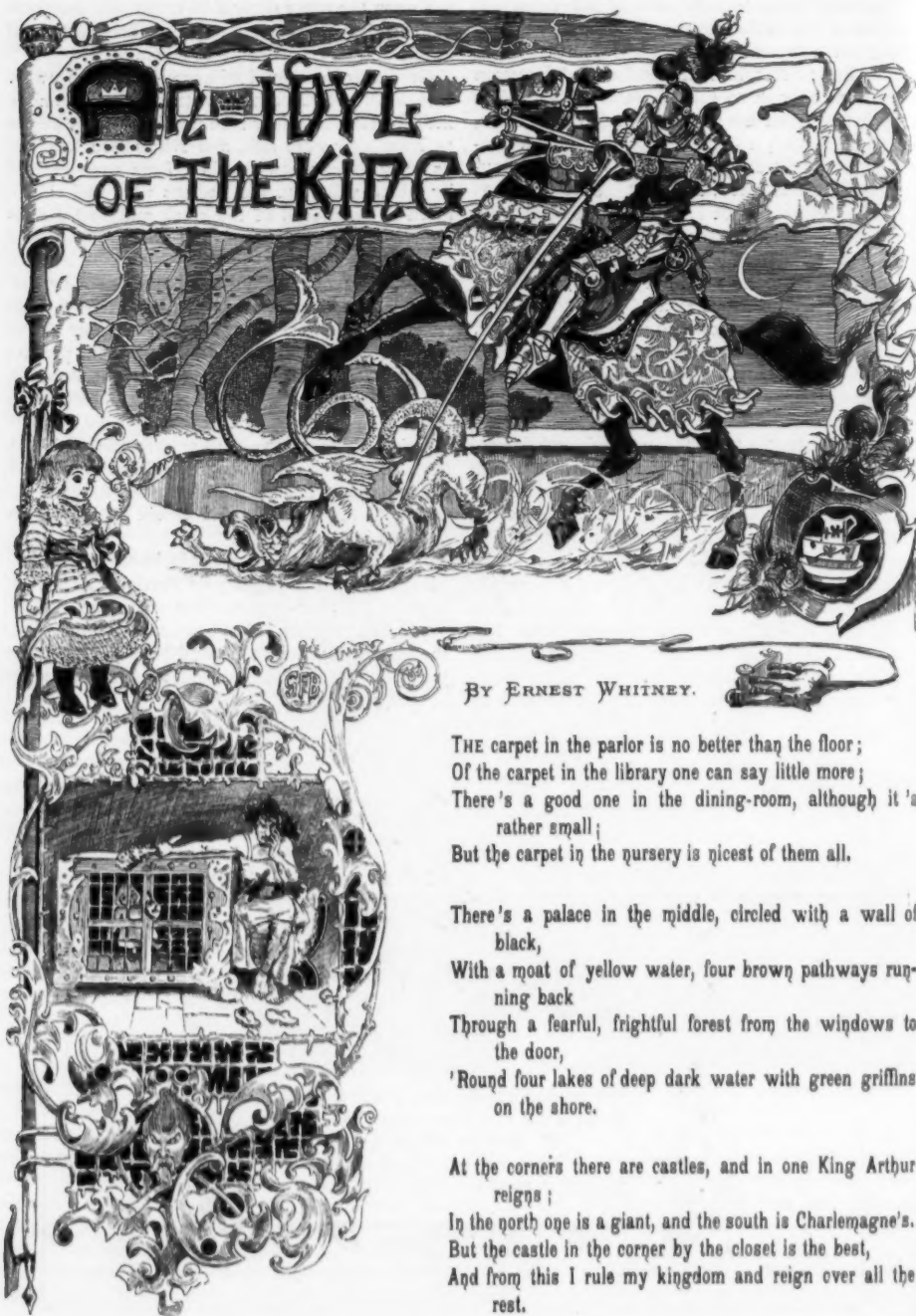
Gradually the sound of horses' feet died away. The children had become a little composed and a little rested after their race for life. They began to hope they were safe, and Nita's face had lost its ashy look, when all their fears were revived by a loud yell from the Indians who had ridden down to the mouth of the creek and had discovered some trifling proof that the children had been there.

Casteel's party heard this yell, and, turning, galloped back to join them. Juan knew that they all would soon be working at the trail together like so many bloodhounds, but that, thanks to his precautions, it would take them some little time to find it. He stooped and laid his ear to the earth. The instant Casteel passed by, he rose. "Now, quick!" he said to Nita, and swift as an arrow from his own bow, he shot off in the opposite direction with his little company close behind him, and they did not stop until they had put five or six miles between them and their pursuers.

"Look at the shadows. It lacks only an hour of sunset," Juan said joyfully on starting. At first he kept in the river-bottom; but when the twilight came, he struck across the open country and gained the woods, into which he and Nita plunged with inexpressible thankfulness, and, again climbing into an oak, were quite lost to sight.

(To be continued.)





BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

THE carpet in the parlor is no better than the floor;  
Of the carpet in the library one can say little more;  
There's a good one in the dining-room, although it's  
rather small;  
But the carpet in the nursery is nicest of them all.

There's a palace in the middle, circled with a wall of  
black,  
With a moat of yellow water, four brown pathways run-  
ning back  
Through a fearful, frightful forest from the windows to  
the door,  
'Round four lakes of deep dark water with green griffins  
on the shore.

At the corners there are castles, and in one King Arthur  
reigns;  
In the north one is a giant, and the south is Charlemagne's.  
But the castle in the corner by the closet is the best,  
And from this I rule my kingdom and reign over all the  
rest.

But the middle park and palace are a very wondrous place,—  
Statues, vases, fairies, graces, flowers and bowers through  
all the space.

'T is a garden of enchantment, and the dreadful ogress there  
Is my sister—You should see her when she rumples up  
her hair!

Now, it's very, very seldom that I'll play with dolls and  
girls,

'Cause I used to go in dresses, with my hair like Mary's  
curls;

But there's first-rate fun in playing, on a rainy, indoor day,  
That her doll's a captive princess, to be rescued in a fray.

So with Knights of the Round Table and with Paladins of  
France,

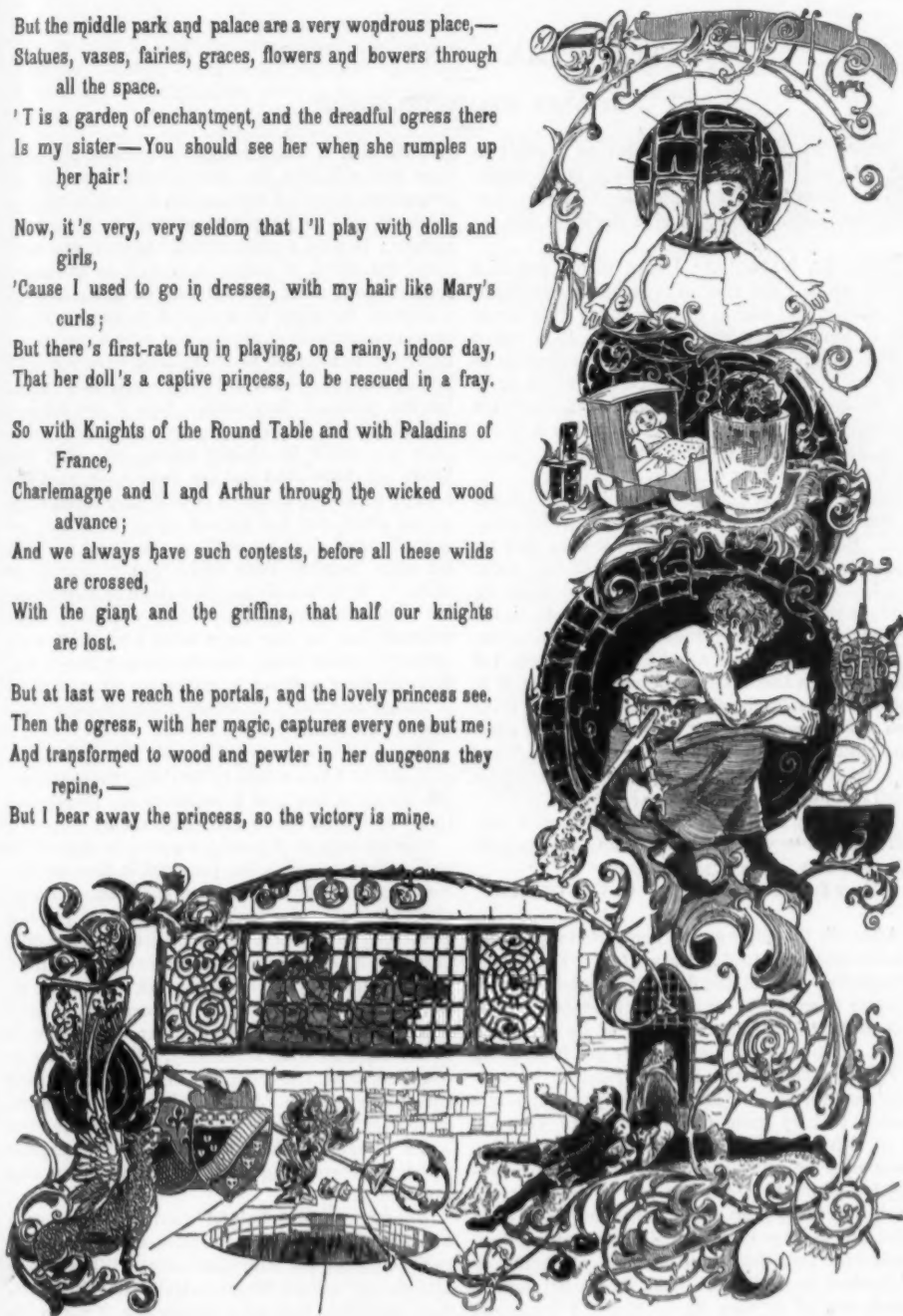
Charlemagne and I and Arthur through the wicked wood  
advance;

And we always have such contests, before all these wilds  
are crossed,

With the giant and the griffins, that half our knights  
are lost.

But at last we reach the portals, and the lovely princess see.  
Then the ogress, with her magic, captures every one but me;  
And transformed to wood and pewter in her dungeons they  
repine,—

But I bear away the princess, so the victory is mine.





## TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

THERE has come to ST. NICHOLAS a letter so helpfully suggestive with hints in a good cause, that the editor has asked me to add to it a few comments and explanations. I give the letter first:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of a society which I and some of my schoolmates joined last winter, and which, I think, many girls would like to join if they knew about it. It is called "The King's Daughters," and the object is to help one's self and others to correct faults or to do kindnesses. It is a society of tens, every ten forming a Chapter. Each Chapter has a president, who conducts the meetings, and any member can start another Chapter.

Each Chapter selects its own object, and meets at specified times to consult and report its progress. For instance, we decided in ours that we would try not to say disagreeable things about people; and when we met, we read whatever we thought would help us to correct this fault, and if any one had any suggestions to make about the management of the tens, she made it then. A Chapter often has a secretary and treasurer, if its object requires such officers. After a while, if the tens wish, they can break up and form new ones. The motto of the Society is "In His Name," and there is a badge of narrow purple ribbon and a small silver cross engraved with I. H. N.

The Society started in New York, where I live, and I should be very glad to tell any of your girls more about it, if they care to hear.

Your faithful reader, C. C. STIMMON.

After all, the letter seems complete in itself, for it is a beautiful feature in the work of "The King's Daughters," that all the detail can be left for each Chapter to work out for itself, as it adapts its aims and efforts to the circumstances of its surroundings. Nothing need prevent any girl from being a "King's Daughter" if she wishes to be one. You can not be so poor but that you may find a chance to help some one poorer than yourself, or so rich but that, with all you may be giving, there may be still some wider opportunity waiting for you. You can not live in any place so small that there is no one in it needing help, or in any place so large that, with all its homes and hospitals and charities, there are not yet hundreds of burdens to be lifted. And, by the helpfulness which any of us may try to show, I mean not

only the charity which struggles to relieve absolute want and suffering, but the thoughtfulness which remembers to give a rose as well as to take away a thorn, to add to happiness as well as to satisfy hunger; to send a concert ticket to some one who could not afford to buy one, as well as to send a soup-ticket to some one actually hungry; to send a carriage for some poor invalid to have a drive who is not actually destitute, but only destitute of luxuries; to see that poor children have not only bread, but toys—not only the work they need, but the pleasure they need. And if you are not rich enough to buy new toys, you can help more than you think by simply taking care that the books you have read and are done with, that the toys of which the children of your household have grown tired, are not packed away in closets or stowed out of sight on shelves or in trunks to wait for some possible time when you "may want them." Some people say that there is no particular virtue in giving away what you don't want yourself; but to give away what you don't want yourself is much better than throwing it away; for, however poor a thing it may seem to you, there is always somebody to whom it may appear wonderfully precious.

Perhaps you will say, "But all this I do now; why should I join a society for doing these things, when I know now that I ought to do them, and that I like to do them, and do do them?"

The advantage of joining a society is that which comes from organization, provided it does not become so unwieldy as to destroy the feeling of personal interest in the work. The fact that you live in the city or the country, in a little village or a large town, among rich people or poor, will, of course, modify your kind of work; but work of some kind there will be for you everywhere, and everywhere it will be work that ten of you can do better together than separately. It is best not to have less than ten members in any Chapter, but the number need not be limited to ten; although, as soon as there are twenty, it will be well to form a new Chapter, to keep the advantages of organization without losing those of individuality and personal work.

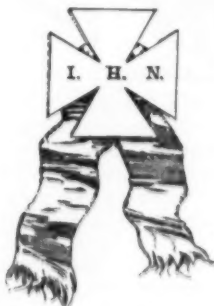
Another and very helpful result of joining such a society is the effort it may encourage you to make in the correction of individual faults. "The King's Daughters" will not forget, in trying to help others, how much help they need themselves, if not in ob-

taining the actual outward comforts or luxuries of life, at least in learning greater patience, sweetness, or courage. The letter tells how the girls belonging to one Chapter tried to correct themselves of the fault of speaking hastily or disagreeably of others; and how they were helped in doing this not only by the constant reminder of the little badge they wore, but by coming together to read aloud any essay or poem or story that illustrated the necessity for correcting such a fault. Even the mere habit of exaggeration or high-flown speech is worth correcting, though it may not be a very terrible fault; and, indeed, no slight failing can be too slight to need correction.

Perhaps you may like to know something of the history of "The King's Daughters." In January, 1886, ten ladies met together to consider how they could give more help by uniting together than by each trying to work separately. They believed in the "Ten Times One is Ten" idea, and they called their band of ten "The King's Daughters," wishing to link together the ideas of work for humanity and of allegiance to God. They chose for their badge a little purple ribbon, to be worn either with or without the Maltese cross, and adopted Dr. Edward Everett Hale's mottoes:

Look up and not down.  
Look forward and not back.  
Look out and not in.  
Lend a hand.

And because Our Saviour most perfectly lived these mottoes, they took for their watchword, "In His Name." Each branch of the society consists of at least ten members, and the General Society includes all branches. In a little circular which they have published, they state that anything, however small or simple, that helps another human being to be better or happier, is proper work for "The King's Daughters," and every branch may, therefore, be left to choose its special work, according to its location and its circumstances. Frequent meetings of each ten are desirable in order to obtain suggestions from one another and secure unity of action. Whatever special work may be done, all branches have a common interest in increasing the number of tens. Each ten may organize and elect officers, though this is not essential in so small a body. Once having formed a Chapter, each ten must decide for itself what it will do, remembering that anything which makes any other human being happier or better is worth doing.



## A REASON FOR SMILING.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

BERTHA was a little maid  
Wrapped in blindness' awful shade;  
Yet her face was all alight  
With a smile surpassing bright.

"Bertha, tell," I said one day,  
"Why you look so glad and gay—  
Drimming full of happiness?  
What 's the joy? I can not guess!"

In a tone of wondering,  
Speaking thoughtfully and slow,  
"Why!" said she, "I did n't know  
There had happened anything"—  
Here the laughter rippled out—  
"To be looking sad about!"

# When Grandpa

was a

# Little Boy



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

"WHEN Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he  
 To the curly-headed youngster who had climbed upon his knee,  
 "So studious was he at school, he never failed to pass;  
 And out of three he always stood the second in his class —"  
 "But, if no more were in it, you were next to foot, like me!"  
 "Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,  
 "He very seldom spent his pretty pennies foolishly;  
 No toy or candy store was there for miles and miles about,  
 And with his books straight home he'd go the moment school was out —"  
 "But, if there had been one, you might have spent them all, like me!"  
 "Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,  
 "He never staid up later than an hour after tea;  
 It was n't good for little boys at all, his mother said,  
 And so, when it was early, she would march him off to bed —"  
 "But, if she had n't, maybe you'd have staid up late, like me!"  
 "Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,  
 "In summer he went barefoot and was happy as could be;  
 And all the neighbors 'round about agreed he was a lad  
 Who was as good as he could be, except when he was bad —"  
 "But, 'ceptin' going barefoot, you were very much like me."  
 "Why, bless you, Grandpa 's often thought of that before," said he.

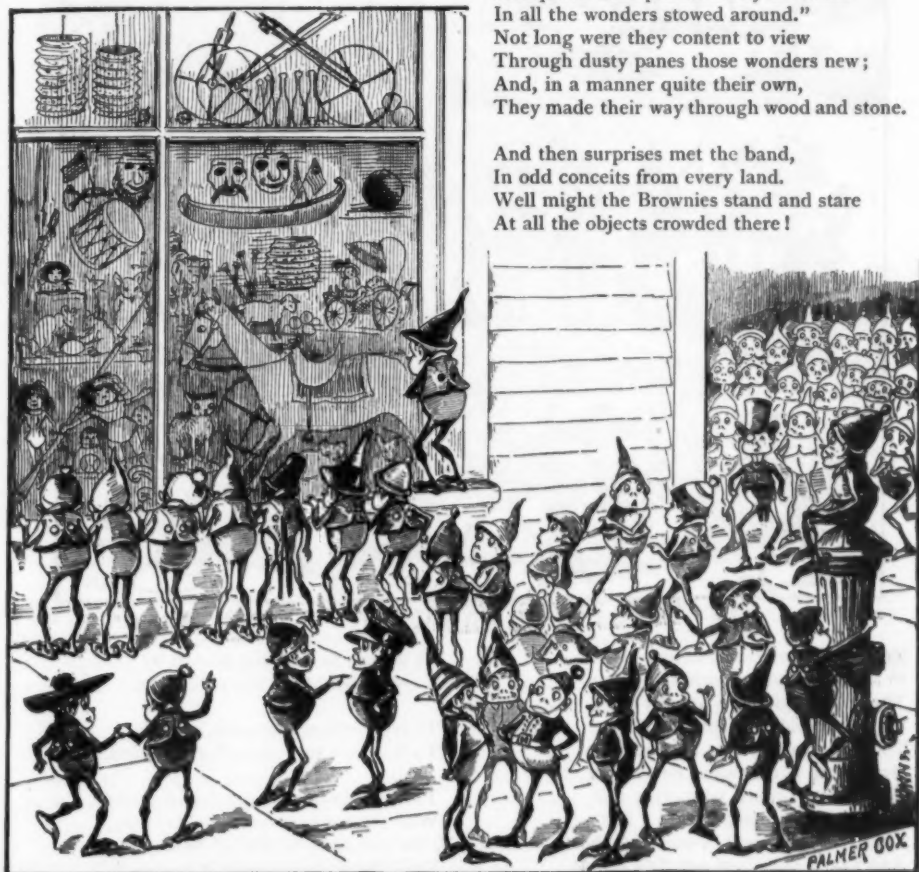
## THE BROWNIES IN THE TOY-SHOP.

BY PALMER COX.

AS SHADES of evening settled down,  
The Brownies rambled through the town,  
To pry at this, to pause at that,  
By something else to hold a chat,  
And in their free and easy vein  
Express themselves in language plain.  
At length before a store, their eyes  
Were fixed with wonder and surprise  
On toys of wood, and wax, and tin,  
And toys of rubber piled within.  
Said one, "In all our wandering 'round,  
A sight like this we never found.  
When such a passing glimpse we gain,

What wonders must the shelves contain!"  
Another said, "It must be here  
Old Santa Claus comes every year  
To gather up his large supply,  
When Christmas Eve is drawing nigh,  
That children through the land may find  
They still are treasured in his mind."  
A third remarked, "Ere long, he may  
Again his yearly visit pay;  
Before he comes to strip the place,  
We 'll rummage shelf, and box, and case,  
Until the building we explore  
From attic roof to basement floor,  
And prove what pleasure may be found  
In all the wonders stowed around."  
Not long were they content to view  
Through dusty panes those wonders new;  
And, in a manner quite their own,  
They made their way through wood and stone.

And then surprises met the band,  
In odd conceits from every land.  
Well might the Brownies stand and stare  
At all the objects crowded there!





Here, things of gentle nature lay  
In safety, midst the beasts of prey ;  
The goose and fox, a friendly pair,  
Reposed beside the lamb and bear ;  
There horses stood for boys to ride ;  
Here boats were waiting for the tide,  
While ships of war, with every sail  
Unfurled, were anchored to a nail ;  
There soldiers stood in warlike bands ;  
And naked dolls held out their hands,

As though to urge the passers by  
To take them from the public eye.

To try the toys they soon began ;  
To this they turned, to that they ran.

The Jack-in-box, so quick and strong,  
With staring eyes and whiskers long,  
Now o'er and o'er was set and sprung  
Until the scalp was from it flung ;



And then they crammed him in his case,  
With wig and night-cap in their place,  
To give some customer a start  
When next the jumper flew apart.  
The trumpets, drums, and weapons bright  
Soon filled them all with great delight.  
Like troops preparing for their foes,  
In single ranks and double rows,  
They learned the arts of war, as told  
By printed books and veterans old;  
With swords of tin and guns of wood,  
They wheeled about, and marched or  
stood,  
And went through skirmish drill and all,  
From room to room by bugle-call.



The music-box poured forth an air  
That charmed the dullest spirits there,  
Till, yielding to the pleasing sound,  
They joined to dance a lively round.

The rocking-horse, that wildly rose,  
Now on its heels, now on its nose,  
Was forced to bear so great a load  
It seemed to founder on the road,

Then tumble feebly to the floor,  
Never to lift a rocker more.

Thus, through the place in greatest glee,  
They rattled 'round, the sights to see,  
Till stars began to dwindle down,  
And morning crept into the town.  
And then, with all the speed they knew,  
Away to forest shades they flew.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes the happy New Year, over a glistening pathway either of snow, or of dried leaves and twigs that crackle with the spirit of winter firesides—I can't quite say which it is, at this distance. At all events, I'm here, too—your same old Jack, and quite refreshed through the kindness of the clever young brother who, with such sweet gravity, occupied this pulpit last month. He is a rising young Jack, and will yet make himself heard, I am sure, in perhaps a wider pulpit than this—though (between ourselves) he will never address a more intelligent and worthy congregation than mine, my beloved.

And now, in view of 1887, here is an old verse that my friend Santa Claus said he wished he had put into all your Christmas stockings:

Old Father Time to his children doth say:  
 "Go on with your duties, my dears.  
 On the right hand is work, on the left hand is play;  
 See that you tarry with neither all day,  
 But faithfully build up the years."

Next we'll take up another timely topic, as it relates to cold weather. The Little School-ma'am enlisted her scholars in a nice little competition not long ago. It was agreed that every boy and girl should bring to the school on a certain Friday afternoon the most interesting piece of information that he or she had read during the week, and a prize should be given to the one which was voted to be the most interesting item of the lot. Well, a fine time they had, to be sure, and I wish I could tell you of even half the curious facts those clever young searchers unearthed from old books and papers. But I can give you only the paragraph that won the prize. It was the following extract,

copied by a little girl from one of her father's library volumes. She called it

"A PLACE WHERE FIRE ALMOST GETS COLD."

"A PERSON who has never been in the Polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but, by reading the terrible experiences of Arctic travelers, some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors, we think it bitterly cold. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house, in spite of the stove! Of course, in such a case, the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English Polar Expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a waxed candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm! It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down inside the wax, leaving a sort of outer skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly-shaped holes in this thin, circular wall of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold."

FINGERS AND THUMBS.

The Little School-ma'am also sends you these verses, by Miss Margaret Vandegrift, who, she says, has written many admirable pieces for ST. NICHOLAS, including "a tough little yarn" in this very number, called "The Galley Cat."

I don't know much about fingers and thumbs myself, but I'm sure, from what the little girl in the rhyme says, that arithmetic must be very puzzling.

Her hands were spread before her,  
 She was looking very wise;  
 For there was a little wrinkle  
 Between her round blue eyes.

And I heard her softly saying,  
 "I don't see how they *can*,  
 If Mamma *is* a lady,  
 And Papa a gentleman!

"But Grandma joins in with them;  
 And though she's never told,  
 I should think she was three hundred—  
 And may be more years old!

"Now, every single one of them  
 —And, surely, each one knows! —

Says: 'Yes, you have ten fingers,'  
And 'Yes, you have ten toes.'

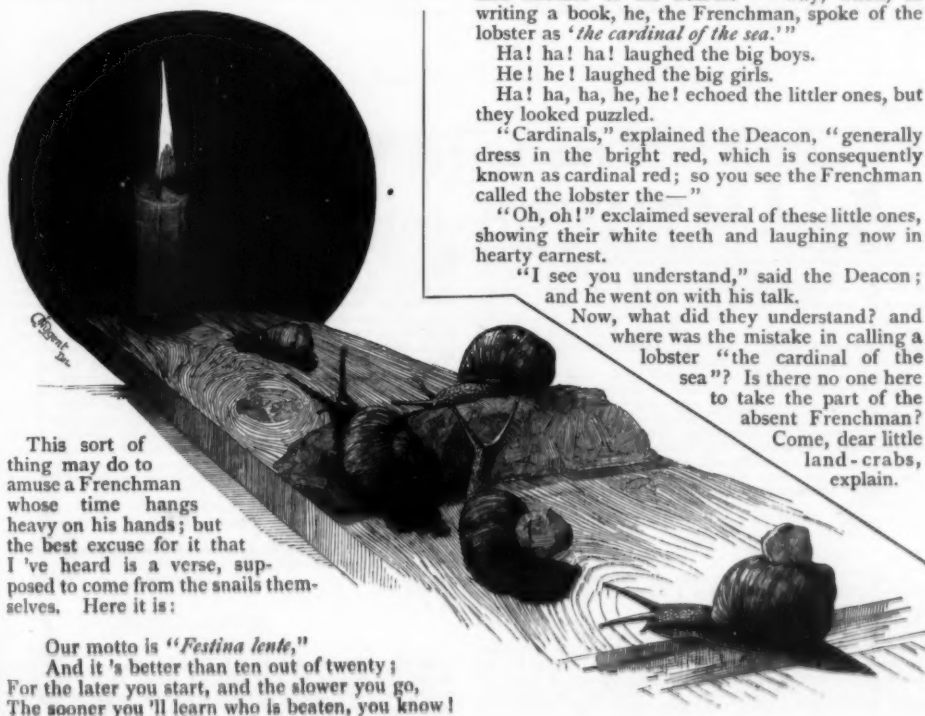
"The toes come right—I've counted;  
But when the fingers come,  
On each hand are four fingers,  
Four fingers and a thumb!

"Two fours are eight,—I've counted,—  
It is n't one bit more!  
And my thumbs are *not* my fingers,  
And one from five leaves four!

"And I don't see why they say it,  
Nor how they make it come,  
For a thumb is not a finger  
If a finger's not a thumb."

#### A SNAIL RACE.

I'M told that a foolish Frenchman, as a new amusement for his idleness, has invented the sport of snail-racing. The course is a long, smooth board, at the end of which is a lighted candle. When the room is darkened the snails naturally begin to creep along the board toward the flame. To make the race more interesting, various obstacles are placed across the board, as shown in the picture, and the fastest snails, so to speak, are burdened with pellets of clay.



This sort of thing may do to amuse a Frenchman whose time hangs heavy on his hands; but the best excuse for it that I've heard is a verse, supposed to come from the snails themselves. Here it is:

Our motto is "*Festina lente*,"  
And it's better than ten out of twenty;  
For the later you start, and the slower you go,  
The sooner you'll learn who is beaten, you know!

#### CAUGHT BY A LOBSTER.

I LIKE a laugh, and especially a young laugh, meaning the laughter of little folk. It is one with the blue sky, and the brook, and the clover's nodding, and the joyful life of birds—but sometimes the children in my meadow laugh so heartily that, apart from liking the music of it, I have a natural Jack-in-the-pulpity desire to know what it's all about, and the more I try to find out, the more I don't succeed.

Now, as an instance; the other day, Brother Green had a little crowd around him, and he was holding forth, as is his wont, in a morally funny way, on the subject of honest observation. "Look for yourselves," said he; "learn what you can from good books, but study Nature more. Learn directly from her whenever you can, and when you write your composition for the dear Little School-ma'am, write what you *know* instead of repeating things that you have read in books. But there is a still closer application of the rule," he continued. "Not only write what you think you know, but be sure that you *know* what you know. If you do this you will not be apt to make such a mistake as the Frenchman did in the old story, when—"

Here the Deacon paused, and two or three sleepy children became wide-awake.

"When *what*, Deacon Green?" they asked.

"Why," said the Deacon, looking slowly at one and another of his hearers—"why, when, in writing a book, he, the Frenchman, spoke of the lobster as '*the cardinal of the sea*.'"

Ha! ha! ha! laughed the big boys.

He! he! laughed the big girls.

Ha! ha, ha, he, he! echoed the littler ones, but they looked puzzled.

"Cardinals," explained the Deacon, "generally dress in the bright red, which is consequently known as cardinal red; so you see the Frenchman called the lobster the—"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed several of these little ones, showing their white teeth and laughing now in hearty earnest.

"I see you understand," said the Deacon; and he went on with his talk.

Now, what did they understand? and where was the mistake in calling a lobster "*the cardinal of the sea*?" Is there no one here to take the part of the absent Frenchman? Come, dear little land-crabs, explain.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, whose work in life is to do good, to help the helpless, raise the fallen, and do battle against wrong, has just written a book that all the girls who are just budding into young womanhood may read thoughtfully. It is entitled, "How to Win," and is essentially a book for girls. It is advice on a high plane, and the spirit of the book can not but aid ambitious girls in their desire to become self-reliant and self-helpful.

"CHIVALRIC DAYS AND THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO HELPED TO MAKE THEM" is a new book for young people, written by E. S. Brooks, well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who, through him, have become acquainted with several interesting "Historic Boys" and "Historic Girls." "Chivalric Days" tells some particularly entertaining stories of certain other boys and girls of the long ago. It is published in most attractive style by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, who brought out the volume of "Historic Boys" a year ago.

"THE ACORN" is a laudable little newspaper, published by one of the ST. NICHOLAS boys, Edwin L. Turnbull, of 43 Lexington Street, Baltimore. He is editor, type-setter, proof-reader, and chief contributor, and the paper is a neat enough piece of workmanship to make even Phaeton Rogers envious. In this, however, it differs but little from many of the amateur newspapers of our land. The only reason why we give special mention to *The Acorn* and its thirteen-year-old editor, is because of the spirit that prompts its issue. The young editor devotes all the proceeds from its publication, not to tricycles and unlimited candy, but to a worthy charity—the free kindergarten of the city of Baltimore. Kindly charity is a gracious thing to see in the young people of our happier homes, who, in the

profusion of their own blessings, too often forget the less fortunate children of the street. So, success, says ST. NICHOLAS, to Editor Turnbull! Great oaks do sometimes from little acorns grow.

THERE is no land more dramatic or picturesque in its history than is Germany—the land of Charlemagne and Otto and Henry the Black, of knights and crusaders, of Hohenstaufens and Hapsburgs, of castles and free cities, of the Rhine, the Black Forest, the Harz mountains, and all the fabled homes of gnome and goblin, sprite and fairy. Mrs. Charlotte Moschelles has collected, in a neat little volume called "Early German History," certain of the most important events in German annals, and has made a book for young people that they will find highly interesting, instructive, and entertaining.

THERE are three well-known artists who are occasionally confounded one with another on account of the curious similarity of their names, which nevertheless are spelled or pronounced differently.

One of them is the English painter, John Everett Millais, whose picture, "The Princes in the Tower," is familiar to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and whose name is pronounced as though spelled Millay. Another is the French peasant painter, Jean François Millet, of whom Ripley Hitchcock writes so charmingly in the present number of ST. NICHOLAS, and whose name is pronounced like that of the English artist, despite the difference in spelling. The third, is the American artist, Frank D. Millet, who very sensibly, as many boys and girls will think, pronounces his name just the way he spells it.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Emily and I are two New York school girls who left home in October last for Australia. We went overland to San Francisco, and from there sailed across the Pacific Ocean to Sydney. We stopped at Honolulu and one of the Navigator Islands, also at Auckland, New Zealand, where we climbed up to the top of Mount Eden with Papa, and looked down into the mouth of the crater. The view from the top was lovely, but I can not tell you about it now. Papa says we may return home *via* the Suez Canal. I hope we may, for then we shall have had a trip around the world, sailing on the Pacific, Indian, and Atlantic Oceans and the Red and Mediterranean Seas.

We get the ST. NICHOLAS every month by the mail steamer, and I thought you might like to get a letter from here, telling you something of the black aborigines, the native Australians. They have jet-black skin, and their hair is black and very bushy. They call their houses "humpys," and their wives "gins." Their war arms are the boomerang and waddy. The boomerang is shaped like a crescent, and, if thrown properly, will return to the feet of the thrower. The waddy is like a club, made of very strong and heavy wood, and is sometimes ornamented with feathers and heavy old nails driven in around the top.

Yours truly,

GRACE B.

COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, nine years old. I live in Colorado, but in the summer-time I live on a ranch, and in winter I live in Colorado Springs.

I have a little brother; his age is seven years. We all went to a round-up yesterday. There were over a thousand cattle, all in a bunch, out on the plains, and a lot of men on horseback were riding in among them and getting all of the same brands together, so they could be driven to the ranches where they belong. It was very exciting to watch them. I should think it would tire the ponies very much, for they ride so hard. Your little reader, M. H. C.

ALLEGHENY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not believe you have any other five-year-old firemen among your readers, so, as I like Mamma to read what other little boys play, may be they would like to hear how I came to be a fireman. Near one of my grandpa's is an engine-house, said to be one of the finest in the country. The firemen like boys, and I often go to see them. I know all about how the alarms are rung and how the stall doors are opened by electricity. Once one of the firemen took me in his arms and slid down a pole with me, from the second to the first floor. I often see them going to fires, and I have seen them at a fire, so I think I will be a fireman, too. When my aunties grew tired of having all their chairs turned into fire-engines, they bought me a toy fire department, just like a real one, and now I can play fire all day. My chief's buggy, hose-carriage, and engine are of cast iron, and the hook and ladder of tin. When the gong sounds, the chief goes first, followed by the hose-carriage, and then the engine. The hook and ladder has to wait for a second alarm. All the horses can be unhitched, the engine and hook and ladder each having two, the buggy and hose reel but one. The ladders and firemen can be taken from their places, and the little rubber hose unwound from the reel.

I have plenty of other toys, but next to my fire department I like my basque animals, families of rabbits, bears, lions, and monkeys, and my two gum pug dogs.

But best of all is when Mamma takes me on her lap and reads to me; and of all my books, ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest.

Yours truly,

WILLIE.

HAYRE, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letter from Hayre, so I thought I would write. I am an English girl, aged twelve, and I have four brothers and five sisters, so that, altogether, we are ten children, which is a fair quantity. There are two pairs

of twins in our family, the eldest, a boy and a girl called Noel and Nodile, are five years old; and the youngest, Mildred and Muriel, two girls, are two.

I like your magazine very much.

Here we see those great transatlantic steamers going in and out of the harbor. We live quite close to the sea, so we get a very good view of the passing ships. They have just built a beautiful broad boulevard here, and they are thinking of building a harbor which will run far out into the sea. The boulevard is called the "Boulevard Maritime," because it runs along the edge of the sea.

Your very interested reader, WINIFRED S—.

TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer we went to Ronces Point, on Lake Simcoe, for the holidays. One evening, just after tea, my cousin and another boy and I went out trawling. I was trawling, when I felt a pull. I told my cousin to stop rowing, because I was on a log, but the other boy that was with us said, "No, you are not; you have got a fish." "No I have," I said, and I told my cousin to row to the shore, for I knew it was a very large one, and if we had not taken it into shallow water, we could not have landed it. We pulled it in to the side of the boat, and were just going to catch hold of it and hoist it in, when it gave a great kick and ran off again; but it was n't off the hook; we pulled it in again. One of the boys held the line and the other took the fish round the body and lifted it in. We then went home and weighed it; it was twenty-one pounds; its length was three feet eight inches. It was the largest muskallonge caught in Lake Simcoe in 1886. I am eleven years old.

GORDON O—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR OLD ST. NICK: I am so very fond of you that I thought I ought to write to tell you so, although there is no need of saying so, for I know all your readers must love you very much. I have been spending the summer in the North, but my home is in Savannah, Ga. I have n't seen many letters from your Southern readers, so I

thought I would write to tell you that your Southern friends think just as much of you as those in the North. I have been taking you for five years, and like you better every year. I enjoyed "Little Lord Fauntleroy" very much, and hope that "Juan and Juanita" will be as interesting.

I remain your constant reader,

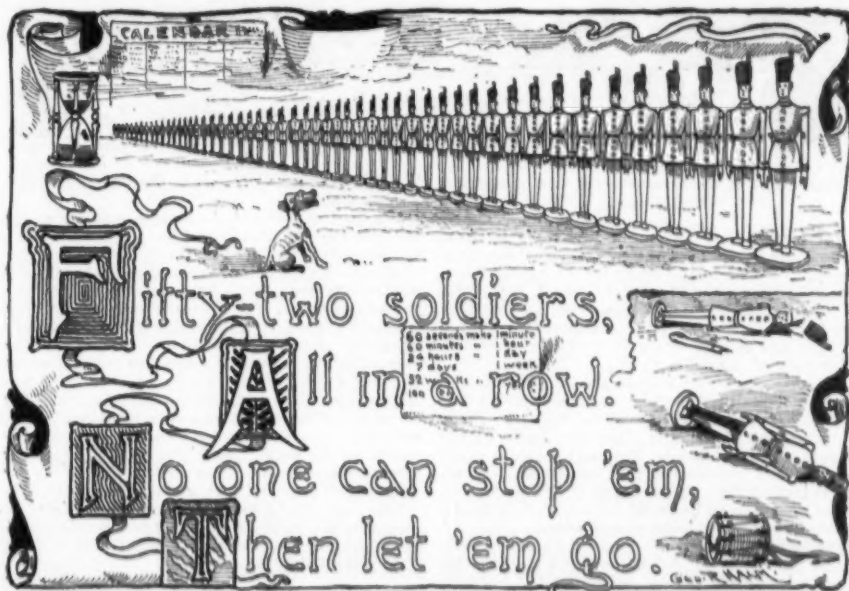
IDA B. H—, 13 years.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a lot of pets; they are very nice. The kittens purr, the birds whistle, and the dogs wag their tails when they are happy. The dogs growl, and the cats wag their tails and puff when they are angry. I send you a card in case it is your birthday. I am your loving SOPHIE D—.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow. We are sorry that there is not space for their letters. Annie, "Minnehaha," Mary L. Evans, Punch Millar, Jamie Gregg, "Yes and No," Mabel and Annie Reynolds, Anna B., Isabella B., Hortie O'M., Coralie M., Irvin Bair, Wm. N. Colton, Faith Bradford, Mary R. Hardy, Winnie B. B., M. E., Mary K. Hadley, K. L. L., Lilyan S. Anderson, Blanche A. W., Annie Hitchcock, Raymond V. Ingersoll, Mamie L., Del Webb, H. L. M., Harrington G. Hall, Katharine Maury, Clarence E. C., Helen Thompson, Walter Cohen, Josie Mughan, Alfred M. S., Joel W. Reynolds, Charles Weed, Daisy P. Hougus, Elsie Roth, Belle Harper, Bennie Castle, V. J., Margery C., Annie Griswold, Alva P., "Ramona," T. Cheshire Shipley, Edith Puffer, Henry Remser and Willie Darrach, M. G. Holland, Charles F. Lester, J. Roberts, Charlie S. Miles, Camilla S., J. F. O., Beatrice G., Mollie Orr, Mary H. B., Barry, Gertie N., "Evelyn," "Hector," Katharine Seon, Reno Blackstone, Maude S., and Alice Hutchings.

## ANSWERED RIDDLE JINGLE.





## A WORD TO OUR READERS.

You all know, good readers, how natural it is for us young folk, when we are playing games in our own yards or gardens, to feel that the boys and girls who are playing on the other side of the fence are having a much better time than we. And you know, too, how apt we are, in such a case, to wish ourselves over upon their grounds for a while.

An experience not unlike this may possibly occur now and then with us *ST. NICHOLAS* folk. In these days, for instance, we are having a right good time, we know; but next door, just over the fence, something is going on at present that—well, the sooner we all go and see about it, the better.

In other words, *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* is now telling its grown-up readers a wonderful story, which should be read also by every boy and girl old enough to understand it. It is the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln, the great President of our country during the most thrilling and momentous epoch of its history. And it is told by Mr. John G. Nicolay and Ccl. John Hay, who were his

private secretaries while he was in the White House, and who have spent nearly a score of years in preparing this authentic and masterly account of Lincoln's life. The interest begins with the very opening chapters, which tell how his grandfather settled in Kentucky with that famous hunter, Daniel Boone, and was killed by Indians; and how Abraham Lincoln himself, when a boy, was rescued by another lad from drowning; and what struggles and privations he endured; and what a rough-and-ready life befel him as a youth; and how through it all he displayed the same sturdy purpose and integrity and sure wisdom that, later on, did so much to save the nation.

But this is only a glimpse over the hedge. If you are wise, you will gain for yourselves the advantages which your parents and older friends are enjoying, by becoming acquainted with this story of the life of Lincoln—already recognized as one of the most remarkable biographies ever written. A history so great in its subject and scope, and so noble and clear in its style, can not fail to interest and inspire the young people of America.



## SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

AS YOU already have been notified by a circular from your President, a well-known scientific journal has made a proposal to issue a special organ for the Agassiz Association, to be known as "*The Swiss Cross*." Mr. H. H. Ballard will be the editor of the new publication, which will be devoted exclusively to the interests of the Agassiz Association, and will be sent to its members at the subscription price of one dollar a year.

*ST. NICHOLAS*, wishing well to the Agassiz Association, which it practically established, and which it has done much to maintain, now heartily advises your President to accept this opportunity of transferring the reports to a purely scientific journal. They will there be given more space and prominence than can possibly be accorded to them in the crowded pages of *ST. NICHOLAS*, which, of course, must be conducted with a view to the interests of the great majority of its readers.

After friendly consultation between the editor of this magazine and the President of the Association, it has, therefore, been decided that the publication of the reports

in the pages of *ST. NICHOLAS* shall terminate with the present issue.

We have only to add the assurance of our cordial interest in the Association and its progress, and to wish the Society a long life of usefulness and prosperity.

Meantime, the change here announced implies no separation between any members of the Agassiz Association and this magazine. The bond between *ST. NICHOLAS* and its readers is, we trust, "non-transferable," and the magazine will, of course, continue to print articles and communications of interest and value to young students of Nature. Indeed, we already have on file many natural-history papers and contributions conveying scientific information. Our pages, therefore, will not lack material of a character specially suited to members of the Agassiz Association; and we shall, with pleasure, print once or twice a year a communication from the President of the Association giving a general review of its progress and plans.

Our thanks, and those of all the members of the Society, are due to Mr. Ballard for his energetic services in behalf of the Association, which have contributed so largely to its present flourishing condition.

— EDITOR OF *ST. NICHOLAS*.

PERHAPS no month in the history of our Society has been more satisfactory in its general results than this. As appears from our register, seventeen new and reorganized Chapters have been added to our roll. More reports have come than can possibly be reproduced, and the general tenor of the reports and letters received has been most encouraging. We have now enrolled 934 Chapters, and by far the larger part of them are vigorously active. During the past year a much greater interest in our work has been manifested by parents and teachers than ever before. As a consequence, the average Chapter now organized is more firm in texture, has more thread to the inch, than the average Chapter of a year or two ago, and will consequently attain to a stronger growth and a more permanent position.

PROFESSOR W. O. CROSBY, of the Boston Society of Natural History, Boston, Mass., has volunteered to supplement the course of lessons in Elementary Mineralogy, given during the past year, by a course of instruction in Determinative Mineralogy. It is proposed that this course, like the other, shall be freely open to every one, whether a member of the A. A. or not; and all who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity may send their names at once to Professor Crosby. The course will be based upon Professor Crosby's recently published book, entitled "Tables for the Determination of Common Minerals, chiefly by their Physical Characters." Although the special object of this course will be instruction and practice in the determination of unknown minerals, it will also afford the student a valuable training in the observation and classification of minerals. It is not designed solely for those who have taken the first course, but may be profitably pursued by any persons feeling an interest in the subject, especially if they will study carefully the introduction to the tables, in which all the various properties of minerals are clearly explained.

The method of the determinations is somewhat similar to that of analytical botany; and an effort will be made to show that common minerals may be identified with the same ease and accuracy as common plants. Each applicant for the course will receive a copy of the book, a collection of twenty-five minerals, numbered, but not named, and a sufficient number of blank reports. The specimens will be determined in the order of the numbers, and the reports forwarded in series of five to Professor Crosby—for correction. They will be stamped *Right or Wrong*, as the case may be; and, if wrong, the point will be indicated at which the student began to go wrong, so that the determination may be repeated and a second report forwarded. When all of the specimens have been correctly determined, a second collection of twenty-five specimens will be sent to those desiring it, and after that a third collection. Or, those having unnamed specimens in their private cabinets may, when they have finished the first twenty-five specimens, determine these, sending a small numbered fragment in each case with the report. In this way students and Chapters will be able to name and classify their own collections of minerals, while making them the basis of a valuable training in mineralogy. It is important, however, that the determination of miscellaneous specimens should be deferred until the first regular collection of twenty-five specimens has been faithfully worked out; for these have been carefully selected to form an easy introduction to the use of the tables. The confirmatory chemical tests given in the last column of the tables will not be required in most cases. These are, however, of the simplest character, and the blow-pipe, glass-tubes, and other simple apparatus which they require will be sent to those desiring them.

It will be observed that the plan of the course is such that members of the class may work rapidly or slowly, and as continuously as they desire; since, while one series of reports is being corrected by Professor Crosby, a second series may be prepared.

As an additional incentive to careful work, the following system of credits has been devised. If a mineral is reported correctly the first time, it will count one; if it is reported correctly the second time, it will count one-half; but if it is reported incorrectly the second time, Professor Crosby will give the correct name of the mineral, and the student's credit will be zero. A premium is thus offered for faithful, painstaking determinations, since the sum of the credits measures the quality rather than the number of the reports.

To cover the cost of the book, specimens, and postage, a fee of two dollars will be charged, which may be sent to Professor Crosby with the application for membership. Each additional collection of twenty-five specimens will cost fifty cents; and a price-list of the apparatus will accompany the book.

#### REPORT OF THE NINTH CENTURY—CHAPTERS 801-900.

809, *Wyandotte, Kans. (A)*. We are thinking of building in the spring. We are collecting and studying with a will. We are now taking a course in geology, led by one of our members, and intend to take others as the season advances. We have opened two or three mounds and obtained several fine relics. A question arose concerning archaeology. Is it a natural science? Our collection comprises insects, minerals, Indian relics, shells, and a few birdskins. We have decided not to make collections of birds' eggs.

We hold our meetings in the office of a prominent physician and scientist, but expect to put up our own building in the spring.—C. H. Casebolt, Sec.

811, *Nyack, N. Y. (A)*. The first regular meeting of the Agassiz Association in Nyack was held on March 26, 1886. Four members constituted Chapter 811. Since then the society has steadily increased, and now numbers twenty-four members. Our method of work for each evening has been to have two specialists who are appointed by the President at the previous meeting. They are expected to prepare papers on some natural-history subject, while all the members are prepared with specimens. Any information they may possess connected with the specimen presented is gladly listened to.

We now propose taking up entomology and, perhaps, other special subjects, which seems to be a better way of gaining information than the promiscuous manner we have been trying.

During the summer we have field meetings which are particularly pleasant.

This summer a party of fourteen, including members and friends of the Association, spent a week at Sag Harbor, where they not only obtained specimens, but had a very pleasant evening with the Agassiz Chapter of that place.—E. Partridge, Sec.

812, *Davenport, Iowa (C)*. This Chapter has progressed very much during the last six months, and has made many useful improvements. We have a good attendance at our weekly meetings, and have a good, energetic membership. We have adopted a new constitution; we have two specimen cases and a great many valuable specimens; we have elected honorary members, and have established a new order of business. The average attendance during the past six months is fourteen.—Harold Benefield, Cor. Sec.

818, *Newark, N. J. (D)*. If we are as successful during the coming year as we have been for the last two, we can be thankful. We have ten members. We have a very good cabinet. On the 14th of March we held a celebration of the anniversary of our organization. We hired a hall, and carted our specimens down, and arranged them on tables around the room. About fifty persons were present, among them delegates from Roseville, and the Mayor of Newark. The Mayor made a neat little speech, in which he said he had read in *ST. NICHOLAS* of the growth of the A. A. with the greatest pleasure. He spoke of our specimens, and said he could remember when blue-birds flew about our streets as plentiful as the common English sparrow. We have begun our labors afresh, and hope that during the coming winter we shall learn more in regard to natural history.—H. Young, Jr., Sec.

819, *Hinsdale, Ill.* We have filled a large cabinet. We are keeping the rules of order that are in your "A. A. Handbook," and find them very useful. One more member has been admitted. We have started a library, and have some valuable volumes in it.—Fred A. Menge, Sec.

820, *Boston, Mass. (G)*. The majority of us are working boys; consequently our time for field work is limited to an occasional holiday and the half Saturdays during the summer. But the little time we have is not wasted; it is too valuable for that. The business at our meetings consists chiefly in comparing notes and observations, and occasionally the reading of an essay. We are now much interested in the Boston Assembly, and are working hard to make it a success.—Thomas H. Fay, Sec., 8 N. Grove street, Boston.

824, *Fall River, Mass. (A)*. Our special department is ornithology, and we are doing well in that, and gaining knowledge. We should like to correspond with any interested in ornithology.—J. B. Richards, Sec.

841, *Mentclair, N. J. (A)*. We hope to be able to get a club-room in a few months. Our chief study is entomology, but we also collect and study specimens of all the other branches. Correspondence with other Chapters is desired.—W. Hollis, Sec., Box 277.

842, *Elizabeth, N. J. (B)*. Our Chapter is getting along very nicely. We have now eight members and hope to interest others. We have not many minerals yet, but I hope we shall have a much fuller cabinet when the butterflies and flowers come again.—Ellen R. Jones, Sec.

847, *Washington, Ind. (A)*. We have admitted one new member, John Kimball, and others are clamoring for admission. We have worked for four years to get our Chapter into good running order. Once we thought we had succeeded, when, as you know, we had n't. But in all this time, we have studied and worked out solutions, we think, to some of the problems involved in the question, "How to carry on a Chapter in a live manner!" The future will tell.—Ben. W. Clawson, Sec.

849, *Boston, Mass. (H)*. When Dr. Lincoln became interested in our Chapter, and finally joined, it took on a new aspect. The teachers became interested, and all but one joined as honorary members. We study mineralogy entirely, and Dr. Lincoln is very liberal, giving us specimens at almost every meeting.—Sara E. Saunders, Sec.

850, *Bangor, Me. (A)*. At present I am the only member of our Chapter, but I am working hard for a reorganization, which I hope to effect soon. At any rate, I shall keep the number and name of the Chapter as long as I remain in the city.—Albert G. Davis, Sec.

863, *Prov., R. I. (E)*. A few days ago our President shot a red-headed woodpecker, which we added to our collection of skins. We have had several field meetings, and some pleasant meetings at our room. We are about to fit up another room for winter use.

We are all earnest workers, and hope soon to have a collection worth speaking about.—Frederic Gorham, Sec., 103 Knight street.

874, Lee, Mass. (A). We have over twenty members, most of whom are active. We hold meetings every other Friday. We have a collection of insects, minerals, and a few of the flora of the vicinity, making, in all, about three hundred specimens. Each of our members has a private collection, and some of them are quite successful. Our average attendance is about fifteen. We have made several excursions, such as to Monument Mountain. We are now planning to drive down to see Mr. Daniel Clarke's collection of minerals and coins, said to be the finest in Berkshire County. We keep our collection in the grammar school room in a cabinet made and presented to us by one of our members. Some of our specimens are quite valuable.—Eddie C. Bradley, Sec.

878, Woodbridge, N. J. (A). Our work during the past year has been quite satisfactory. We spent the winter in studying zoology together, beginning at the lower forms, and proceeding to the higher. Some well-written papers were read.

On May 25, we gave an entertainment in the public hall for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of a microscope. We succeeded, and, for sixty-five dollars, secured a fine instrument. Our Chapter numbers twenty-seven members and is growing.—R. Anna Miller, Sec.

885, Blawie, O. (A). With limited resources and facilities for working in the field of Nature, our zeal is nevertheless undiminished, and our first year closes not altogether discouragingly, with brighter prospects for the future.

Being a family Chapter, our meetings have not been regular. We have a botanist, ornithologist, and mineralogist in our Chapter.

It has been our custom to have, at each meeting, a paper read (prepared by one of the members), giving a short sketch of some great naturalist or scientist. We intend taking up the study of the plants and birds of our own neighborhood the coming year.—Homer G. Curles, Sec.

887, Grinnell, Iowa (A). The past six months have been very prosperous. We have added five members to our list, and out of seventeen members, our average attendance has been fifteen. We have a good collection. Our library is steadily growing. Our Chapter edits a monthly paper called the *Agassiz Notes* to which every member contributes. Our special study is mineralogy, in which we have instruction once a month. The migration of spiders has been diligently studied. One member has been reporting to the Forestry Department of the United States Government, one working in botany for the American Ornithologists' Union, and all have been studying bird migration for that society. Three of our members took extensive trips North this summer and made some good observations. One member received a diploma for having satisfactorily completed Professor Crosby's course in mineralogy. Six of us attended the general convention at Davenport, and were highly delighted at the work of our sister Chapters.—Cor. Sec. Grinnell Ch., 887. Box 523.

893, Watertown, N. Y. (B). Since our Chapter last reported, we have had many interesting meetings. In the spring we postponed the study of the animal kingdom, which we had nearly completed, and took up the study of vegetable life as more suited to the season and to our abilities as collectors. Using Bessey and Gray as authority, we studied the subject topically, at the same time bringing into the class whatever specimens we could for illustration. Several of the class have started herbaria and are much interested in the work of collecting, pressing, and mounting. An herbarium has also been bought for the society and it will be filled with specimens donated by all the members of the Chapter. The study of zoology has now been resumed, and when it is completed, mineralogy and geology will be taken up for the winter.

Some of the younger members have dropped out of the Chapter, so that our number has been reduced, but not our zeal or interest in the Society, of which we more and more appreciate the value.

Our report is brief, for as the study of Nature opens ever wider vistas before us, we feel the slightness of our best achievements, and would rather record our hopes and purposes than what has been done.

When we have finished a preliminary study of the three kingdoms, we intend each to adopt and report on a specialty, which may be able in that way to produce results valuable, at least, to ourselves.

Wishing the A. A. continually growing power and usefulness, we remain, very respectfully, Watertown Chap. B.—C. DuBois, Sec.

896, Lake Forest, Ill. (A). We began with four members a year ago, and increased the number to six during the winter. We held regular meetings, two weeks, and later, three weeks apart, at which reports were made of work done, papers read, etc.

Our proceedings were conducted in French, as two of our members were French, and we subscribed for a French periodical, "La Science Pour Tous." Among the subjects of our papers were "Bees," "Ants," "Spiders," "The Cactus," "Mushrooms," "Mosses," "Witch-hazel," and "An Eruption of Vesuvius," this last by one who had been an eye-witness of the eruption. Several of the members were studying during the winter Morse's Zoology, which they found very interesting.

We succeeded in collecting and mounting from seventy to ninety

insects, and in filling an herbarium. We made a collection of leaves also, which we varnished and pressed.

Our Chapter is now adjourned *sine die*. Three of the members are together abroad, one is dead, and the remaining two are in this country, but not together, so that no joint work can be done. A recent letter from one of the traveling members, dated from the Valley of Camerota, reports a collection of fifty insects from that region, and the butterfly-net in constant requisition.

Wishing long life to the Association, we remain, yours truly, Lake Forest Chapter, M. W. Plummer, Sec.

898, Southport, Conn. (A). Our Chapter is now about fourteen months old. We number at present ten members, and have a cabinet containing nearly two hundred interesting specimens. The cabinet itself is a small one and we are now trying to obtain a new and larger one. We are also starting a library. Among the specimens are: a clover book containing one, two, three, four, five, and six leaved clovers; a specimen of gold from Australia; tourmaline, jasper, and asbestos from Southport, and granite from Mount Agassiz.

There is a paper, published twice a month, and called the *Agassiz Naturalist*. We hold our meetings every month in one of the schools, where we have our cabinet and charter.

Every week a subject is given out, and the members write or read articles relating to it. The list includes such subjects as crows, coral, gold, sponge, clovers, etc.

I think the Chapter is doing better now than at any time since its founding.—Warren G. Waterman, Pres. and Sec.

#### EXCHANGES.

Minerals and Indian relics, for same. Please send list and receive ours in exchange.—C. S. Casebolt, Sec. 803, Wyandotte, Kansas. Fossils, plants, land and fresh-water shells, for same. Correspondence desired.—Kemper Bennett, Cor. Sec., Chapter 834, Wyandotte, Kansas, (B).

Crinoid stems of Indiana, free to any member of the A. A. Geological reports of Indiana to exchange for specimens.—Ch. S. Beachler, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Minerals and a large collection of stamps, for botanical specimens.—R. D. Pope, 177 Congress street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Specimens of *Leptodactylus* of N. Y. and N. J., for diversified exchange in same line.—Caesar Leonhard, Carlstadt, Bergen Co., N. J.

*Leptodactylus* and a few *coleoptera*, for *leptodactylus* only. Send list.—Albert F. Winn, 1602 Catherine street, Montreal, P. Q.

We should be glad to exchange fossils, of which we have a large variety, for classified minerals, such as rock crystal, rose quartz, amethyst, chalcedony, jasper, opal, or would exchange for books and fossil fishes.—Mrs. F. L. Brown, Shortsville, N. Y.

Correspondence desired with members having well preserved insects to exchange. Also minerals.—Frederick C. Barber, 449 W. 23d street, New York City.

#### CHAPTERS, NEW AND REORGANIZED.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
81	Oxford, N. Y. (A).....	4.	Fred. Bartle.
984	Sycamore, Ill. (B).....	12.	Arthur Buell, Lock Box 123.
399	New York, N. Y. (I).....	7.	Mr. Thomas B. Swift, 1440 Lex. Av.
412	Montreal, P. Q. (B).....	4.	G. M. Edwards, Cote St. Antoine.
44	Chicago, (B).....	10.	Robert J. Kerr, 10 Bryan Pl.
43	DeKalb, Ill. (A).....	12.	Jay Lott Warren.
77	Wellsville, Pa. (A).....	12.	A. Dinsmore Belt.
54	Greensbury, N. Y. (A).....	13.	Thos. C. Edwards, Irvington-on-Hudson.
842	Elizabeth, N. J. (B).....	7.	Ellen R. Jones, 531 Madison Av.
70	Philadelphia, (J).....	7.	S. T. Harkness, 3409 Wallace St., W. Phila.
116	New York, N. Y. (D).....	6.	Francis J. Tucker, 147 W. 20.
426	La Porte, Ind. (B).....	6.	Percy L. Cole, Box 1203.
39	San Francisco, (A).....	8.	Willie Eckart.
80	Mechanicsburg, O. (A).....	20.	Miss Alta R. Williams.
131	Brooklyn, N. Y. (C).....	9.	G. H. Backus, 38 Grace Court.
885	Blanchester, O. (A).....	7.	Homer G. Curles.
606	Crawfordsville, Ind. ....	4.	Charles Beachler.
719	Phila. (A).....	.....	Joined Phila. (A), No. 8.

Secretaries of the first Century, (i. e., Chapters 1-100) will please send in their annual reports by January 1.

All are cordially invited to join the Association. Address all communications to  
HARLAN H. BALLARD,  
Pittsfield, Mass.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

**EASY PICTORIAL PUZZLE.** Shakspeare. 1. All's Well that Ends Well. 2. Twelfth Night. 3. Cymbeline. 4. Measure for Measure. 5. Winter's Tale. 6. King Lear. 7. The Tempest. 8. Hamlet.

9. Much Ado About Nothing.

**BEHEADINGS.** Cohasset. 1. Cream. 2. Olive. 3. Haunt. 4. Alone. 5. Slave. 6. Shoot. 7. Event. 8. T-rail.

**PI.** Hurrah for Father Christmas!

Ring all the merry bells,  
And bring the grandsires all around  
To hear the tale he tells.

**ROSE TERRY COOKE.**

**WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Color. 2. Olive. 3. Linen. 4. Overt. 5. Rents. II. 1. Pagan. 2. Alive. 3. Gibes. 4. Averted. 5. Nests.

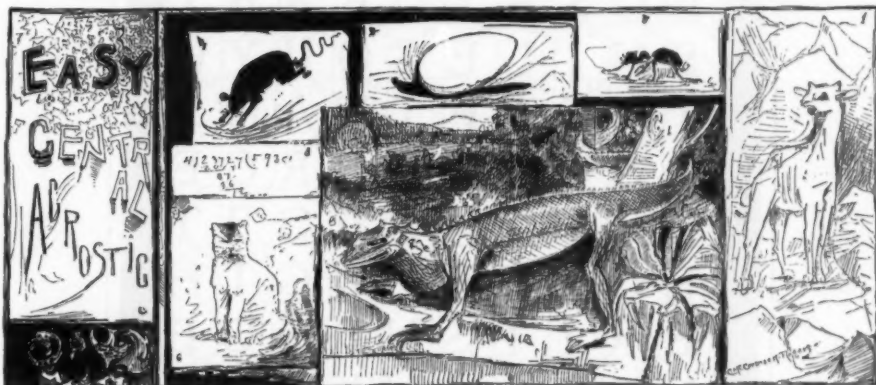
III. 1. Aware. 2. Wafer. 3. After. 4. Reeve. 5. Ered. A BIRD-CAGE. Centrals, Partridge. Cross-words: 1. P. 2. Jay. 3. heRon. 4. kesTrel. 5. redgRouse. 6. pelican. 7. nodDies. 8. penGuin. 9. promErops.

**KEBUS.** An overgrown, underbred, and overbearing boy in overalls undertook to investigate an overcoat, when an overworked but intent overseer happened to overlook his undertaking; and I understand that he was overpowered in the onset and underwent a strict inspection. The overseer did awe inspire, and the boy was overwhelmed between shame and fear, expecting to incur a few stripes, at least; but he was soon overjoyed to depart under promise of reform.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** In sending answers to puzzles, sign only your initials or use a short assumed name; but if you send a complete list of answers, you may sign your full name. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS, "Letter-Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received, before October 20, from Paul Reese — Maud E. Palmer — "Tiny Puss, Mizz, and Muff" — F. W. Islip — Nellie and Reggie — "Shumway Hen and Chickens" — "Two Cousins" — "Topsy" — Katharine R. Wingate — Allison V. Robinson — C. Marion Edwards — "Judy and Elsy."

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received, before October 20, from La Belle R., 1 — Pug, 1 — V. Lippincott, 1 — Don, 1 — "Donna Occidentia," 2 — Helen, 1 — M. L. B., 1 — W. Charles, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Irene, 4 — "Professor & Co.," 8 — "Ben Zeene," 2 — Sadie Hecht, 1 — "Sally Lunn," and "Johnny Cake," 7 — Grace Seymour, 2 — Birdie Koehler, 7 — Grace E. Silbace, 1 — Jo and I, 8 — Ida and Edith Swanwick, 4 — Mary P. Farr, 3 — Chester, 1 — C. S. S. and A. M. Y., 7 — "Tughconic," 3 — "Ono," 2 — L. M. B., 7 — Arthur and Bertie Knox, 8 — Jet, 5 — M. G. F. and M. L. G., 7 — "Original Puzzle Club," 5 — Lizzie A. R., 4 — Tommie and Katie, 6 — George M. Brown, 3 — L. A. R., 7 — Eugene Kell, 1 — "Poodle," 4.



Each of the six small pictures may be described by a word of three letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and arranged one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of the animal shown in the central picture.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. A person of wild behavior. 2. To punish by a pecuniary penalty. 3. A stratagem. 4. A very fine, hair-like feather. 5. To agree. 6. Removed the outer covering. "IRONSIDES."

**WORD BUILDING.**

1. To within add to disembark and make remote from the sea. 2. To an exclamation of triumph add to eat and make a substance obtained from the ashes of sea-weeds. 3. To a mixed mass of type add to estimate and make a sea-robber. 4. To half an em add a

**STAR PUZZLE.** From 1 to 2, a hinge; 1 to 3, spangle; 2 to 3, eroseme; 1 to 4, brigand; 4 to 5, buginess; 5 to 6, digress.

**CROWDED DIAMONDS.** Left-hand Diamond: 1. M. 2. Cap. 3. Caret. 4. Maracan. 5. Pecan. 6. Tan. 7. N. Right-hand Diamond: 1. C. 2. Tan. 3. Tuned. 4. Canteen. 5. Needy. 6. Dey. 7. N.

**DOUBLE-ACROSTIC.** I. Primals, warder; finals, dearth. Cross-words: 1. Wild. 2. Axle. 3. Rosa. 4. Doer. 5. Emit. 6. Rash. II. Primals, thread; finals, drawer. Cross-words: 1. Tend. 2. Hoar. 3. Roca. 4. Enow. 5. Ache. 6. Deer. III. Primals, reward; finals, hatred. Cross-words: 1. Rush. 2. Etna. 3. Wilt. 4. Aves. 5. Rase. 6. Deed.

**PYRAMID ACROSS:** 1. G. 2. Pas. 3. Corks. 4. Hornito. 5. Bartering. 6. Timbertrees. DOWNWARD: 1. T. 2. Bl. 3. Ham. 4. Corb. 5. Porte. 6. Garner. 7. Skirt. 8. Stir. 9. One. 10. Go. 11. S.

**TRIPLE-ACROSTIC.** I. Magic-lantern. Cross-words: 1. Moot-court. 2. Available. 3. Gormander. 4. Intention. II. Whittentrees. Cross-words: 1. Wealthier. 2. Housewife. 3. Incensive. 4. Taintless.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall;  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.

band of iron, and make complete. 5. To a Latin word meaning a bone, add to collect spoil and make a long-winged eagle. 6. To the eleventh month of the Jewish civil year add Turkish governors, and make monasteries. 7. To a conjunction add a confederate and make in words, without writing. 8. To a preposition add to try and make to bear witness to. F. L. F.

**NOVEL ARITHMETIC.**

**EXAMPLE:** What number becomes even by subtracting one? Answer: 8-even.

1. What number becomes heavy by adding one? 2. What number belongs to us by subtracting one? 3. What number increases ten-fold by adding one? 4. What number is elevated by adding one? 5. What number is finished by adding one? 6. What number becomes frequent by adding two? 7. What number becomes animal by adding two? M. A. H.

## DOUBLE-LETTER ENIGMA.

TAKE one letter from each of the quoted words and make the name of ornamental cakes distributed among friends on the festival which comes on January 6th. The name by which the festival is called may also be found in the quoted words:

In the "settle" that old folks will charm;  
In the "willows" that grow on the farm;  
In the "presents" we had at New Year;  
In the "yule-log" so full of good cheer;  
In the "buffalo" on the broad plain;  
In the "mottos" we sigh for in vain;  
In the "rush-light"—a thing of old days;  
In the "candies" that all of us praise;  
In the "pastimes" we're so loth to leave;  
In the "stockings" we hung Christmas Eve;  
In the "hearthstone" so spacious and wide;  
In the "homestead" where loved ones abide.

GILBERT FOREST.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and thirty-six letters, and am a stanza of eight short lines.

My 1-40-8-101-36-75 is a tree having slender, piliant branches. My 53-12-78-23-68-74-115-58-136-90 is one who is sent to spread religion. My 39-17-71-122-3-104-27-85-108 is a recital. My 125-21-64-120-6-131-99 is a shrub used in Great Britain for brooms. My 15-47-44-95-127-89-113-59 is to intrude. My 128-87-19-111-

10-116-93-100 is consumption. My 134-25-126-63-60-118-30 is obliteration. My 31-75-29-56-107-62-20-42 is wealthy. My 51-82-98-45-75-39 are themes. My 18-84-48-9-106-50-117-123-35 are concluding speeches. My 110-14-102-5-55-112-135-37 is relating to tragic acting. My 67-24-65-109-103-41-57 is belonging to this world. My 28-34-79-91-70 is a specter. My 86-121-52-130-92 is to meditate. My 66-96-22-77 is costly. My 88-69-133 is distorted. My 132-28-61-4-43-83 is deserving. My 13-9-94-26-81 is a piece of paper. My 46-124-73-33-20-129 is insignificant. My 103-54-7-97-114 is to interlace. My 16-119-11-49 is cut down.

P. B. F.

## A PENTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. In St. NICHOLAS. 2. Conducted. 3. The second mechanical power. 4. Many. 5. To deduce. 6. A bird. 7. To supply on condition of repayment.

This reads the same up and down as across.

"L. LOS REGNI."



## THE KINGS MOVE PUZZLE



THE above one hundred squares contain the names of forty-five poets (both ancient and modern), which may be spelled out by what is known in chess as the "king's move." This, as all chess-players know, is one square at a time in any direction. The same square is not to be used twice in any one name. In sending answers, indicate the squares by their numbers, thus: Shakspeare, 75-86-97-87-78-77-66-65-64. The names of forty-four other poets may be similarly spelled.

R. F. M.

A separate list of solvers of this puzzle will be printed. The names of those sending the longest lists will head the roll. Answers will be received until January 28.



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II



BETWEEN SEA AND .SKY.

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